

THE
HISTORY
OF
ELIZA WARWICK.

—“Vaulting Ambition, that o'erleaps itself,
And falls on t'other side.”—

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BEW, No. 28, and J. WALKER,
No. 44, Paternoster-Row.

M DCC XCI,

1608/5134.

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PRINTED BY

THE SONS OF

JOHN BAYNE



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**LETTER TO THE
MARQUIS OF HUNTLEY.**

Continued.

NO sooner, my Lord, had Lady Gertrude pronounced her union with Sir Charles Beaufort, than I sunk lifeless on the sofa where we were sitting. Ah! dear God! with what horror do I look back upon that day! With her Ladyship's care I was brought

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B

back

back to my senses—She would willingly have secreted the remaining part of her story, because she said it affected me too deeply—but, alas! what worse could I hear? When she declared to me, *that I was robbed of virtue*, she had told me every thing that could strike horror into my soul—I however made one bold effort to recover my composure; and, after asking her pardon for so unseasonable an interruption, she resumed her narration as follows:

“ The Archbishop was sworn to secrecy, and I became the wife of the man I loved. In about three months after our marriage, during which time Sir Charles’s tenderness for me suffered no abatement, he received some English letters, one of which threw him into a state of agitation that, with all his art, he could not conceal. He perused it over repeatedly! and, as he
left



left the room, I heard him, with a sigh, exclaim, ‘Lovely, injured innocence!’ My curiosity was excited—I languished with a desire of seeing that letter—and the next morning I contrived to steal it out of the pocket of the waistcoat he had worn the day before—I was sure it was the same, for I had taken particular notice of its fold, and the writing which addressed it to my husband. I read it over in hurry and confusion—yet every word is still imprinted on my memory. After I had finished it, I returned it into the same pocket, and left his dressing-room without being suspected. I will repeat to you the purport of this letter—it was written by Mr. Temple, of whom I had often heard him speak. He told Sir Charles his presence was wanting in England, to settle some affairs which the Duke of Beauvarise had left unfinished—he spoke of his house in Grosvenor-Square,

which was rebuilding, and begged him to come over, if it was only to give proper directions about it—‘yet,’ added he, ‘if what I have already mentioned can prove no inducement to you, suppose I assure you that the lovely Eliza is still more charming than when you left her.’ Here, Madam, he drew a picture of your beauties—the pencil, though it was held by the hand of a lover, did not do you justice—yet at that time I believed no earthly mortal could have arrived at such perfection, either in mind or person, as was there described. He spoke of your virtue, your sense, and your accomplishments—he accused him of having treated you with disrespect, and want of affection—he reminded him of his engagements to you, and swore to see them performed, or he would call Sir Charles his friend no longer. This was the most interesting part of the whole ; and
this,

this, I will frankly confess, gave me uneasiness enough.

Some days after, Sir Charles mentioned to me, *that business of importance required his presence in England—as the time of his embassy at that Court where we were was almost expired, and he had obtained a leave of absence for some weeks, he would let me remain in ———; and, having given some necessary orders about a town-house for my reception, and seen that every thing was ready to receive me, he would return—make his farewell to the Court in form, in character of Minister from England—and take me over with him to those scenes of pleasure and delight which awaited me in my own country.*

I begged him to let me attend him *then*, and said that our marriage might as well be declared directly as at any other time. He objected to my

accompanying him, for the reasons above alledged; and as to owning our nuptials, he thought *any* time would be a proper one—‘yet,’ cried he, kissing my hands with a *galant* air, ‘do you not think it could be celebrated with more pomp and festivity when we return to England together? Every thing in which my Gertrude is concerned should be elegant, splendid, magnificent: now I must leave you in two days; how, then, is it possible to avow our marriage at present? I shall be laughed at all over ———; they will call me the most insensible of lovers, the most *degalant* bridegroom—yet I *must* leave you.’ I plainly saw he did not like my reasoning on the matter; I therefore pretended to be satisfied, intreated him to return as soon as possible, and not to forget the faithful heart of Gertrude, which would attend him in *spirit* every where he went,
We

We parted soon after, and he embarked for England.

“ During his absence I heard often from him—*his affairs detained him—he quarrelled with every thing that kept him from me*, he said. Ah! he was then abusing the most solemn vows, the most sacred engagements!

“ About four months after his departure, I expected my brother, Lord Goodwin, from Ireland. He had written to congratulate me on my marriage, and promised to see me soon in
——.

“ Some time after he arrived, I asked him if he had staid long in England? He told me not three hours—*that he could assure me*, that though he had not seen my husband, he had heard of him, from an intimate friend

of his, a Col. Temple, who had been a school-fellow of my brother's, and whose intimacy with him was renewed by their meeting in Ireland. "I told Temple," continued my brother, 'of your marriage with his friend; at which he seemed shocked, and much amazed: however, though he said little on the subject, I could soon perceive Sir Charles's friends in England had other views for him—but you, my dear Gertrude, will, by your affability and amiable deportment, reconcile them to you sooner than by boasting of your high birth and great fortune—the latter you have too much good sense to mention, the former you ever practise.'

“ In less than a fortnight after Lord Goodwin's arrival, I was surprised to see Sir Charles Beaufort enter my dressing-room—I flew to receive him, half wild

wild with joy—but, oh! my God! how shocked was I to perceive his salutation in return; languid—cold—and polite. He informed us, *that he had fled from England after having revenged himself on Col. Temple for offering him a gross insult, which nothing but his life could extenuate—he had deprived him of that—and had employed all his interest to represent the affair in a favourable light to his Majesty, and that he hoped soon to receive his gracious pardon.*

“ After five months, spent in —, from the time of his arrival, he was written to by several of his friends, to declare their success, and to congratulate him on his being empowered to return once more to his own land, in safety and honour. Our marriage we then publicly owned at —, and we departed for England with joy and impatience. When we got to London, I

was conducted to Grosvenor-square: our house was large, and fitted up with extreme elegance and superbness. Sir Charles remained in town until we were both introduced at Court; he then left me, to go into the country, where he continued a whole fortnight without writing me a line. On his return, I reproached him for *having left me, almost a stranger in London, for so long a time, and so soon after my arrival—I said that I was quite ignorant of the English customs, and therefore required a greater share of his attendance.* He made me a cool bow—assured me he was proud, on *all occasions, to shew himself my slave—but* asked me directly, *Why I did not chuse a female instructor? for he vowed no one was more ignorant of the proper punctilios amongst my sex than he was——intreated me to apply to my aunt (the Dowager Lady Newport) or to many other of my relations, whom he named——and that*
would

would spare him at once so intolerable a share of HONOUR *and* PLEASURE.

“ The ludicrous manner in which he treated my reproach stung me to the soul, and I soon quitted the room in a flood of grief.

“ One evening I observed him, as he was writing in his library, with the door on a jar, lay down his pen, open his bosom, and take out a chrystal locket, which he carried to his lips with fervour; tears streamed upon it, and he exclaimed, ‘ Charming, injured Eliza!’ Ah! Madam, with what difficulty did I restrain my resentment! *I did* command it—and, having heard enough, I flew to my own apartment, to indulge my sorrow. He left me repeatedly in the same manner, and I had no doubt but that his repeated absence was occasioned by the dangerous

and beautiful creature Colonel Temple had mentioned in his letter.

“ When he was in town, he would shut himself up alone for hours ; and he was continually writing, as he said, upon business : however, in spite of all my efforts, I could never get a sight of any of those epistles which he penned with such care and delight. About a fortnight ago he returned from one of his long and frequent journeys, and had not been three days in London before an express arrived for him from Yorkshire—his presence there was suddenly wanted ; and he left me, to obey the summons. He had written a long letter the night before his departure, and laid it on the table in his library. I heard him tell his valet to carry it in the morning to the post-office ; but I contrived better—I desired the servant, when I got up, which was earlier than usual,

usual, to give the packet to me ; and, as I was going out, I would make one of my footmen deposit it in the office for him. The fellow thanked me, opened the door of the library, the key of which had been entrusted with him for the purpose, and bringing to me the much-wished-for prize, I carried it to my closet, broke the seal, and read the tenderest, the most impassioned words that ever were dictated. It was addressed to you, Madam—you were the object that inspired them. Ah! Heaven! my distraction almost made me discover my design. I sealed the letter again, and carried it to the post-office! but I took care, ere it left my hands, to write down your address. Sometimes I thought of revealing my sentiments to you through the same channel Sir Charles did his. I began two letters, but left off dissatisfied. At length, the scheme I have executed, of coming into Derbyshire,

byshire, and obtaining a personal interview, struck me as being the best and surest way. Here, Madam, my story ends. I see the effect it has had upon you—but, ah! charming Eliza! forgive me, if I have made you unhappy—it is not *that* I fought. I love the man who has deceived you—I pity your situation—and if it were possible for me to alleviate your sorrow, I should think myself fortunate in shewing you that I consider you no longer as an injurious rival.’

Now, my excellent Lord Huntley, represent to yourself my sorrow and despair. I arose—I flung myself at the feet of Lady Gertrude Beaufort—I implored her pardon for the misery I had caused her—I avowed to her the innocence of my heart at the very moment I had injured her peace of mind——‘ Ah! Madam,’ continued I, ‘ assist me to leave this horrid, this guilty house!

house!—the very air, which I breathe, is pestilential——Ah! let me fly——let me fly from such perfidy——But, oh! my God! where, or to whom, can I go?—No covering, now, have I to hide my head—no innocence to revive my despairing heart—My crime stares me in the face—and every friend I had must turn their backs when I appear.' I wept not, my Lord——I was in too much agony to weep—My hands were clasped with rigour——my face was pale as death—my lips quivered with cold—and my knees refused to support my frame—not a spark of life was perceptible but in my eyes——*they* rolled around, as if to find the author of my wretchedness, and to pierce him with their lightning. Thus was my situation described to me afterwards: I knew not how I looked, nor hardly where I was. Ah! unfortunate Eliza!

Jennet

Jennet came into the room—What a scene ensued betwixt us!—She was soon made sensible of the horror of my fate—and this new misery seemed to her more insupportable than any other she had experienced. She intreated Lady Gertrude to give us places in her coach to London—“there,” continued she, “my dear young Lady shall not want—I have strength still to work—and my labour shall be employed in maintaining her—But, oh! let us fly from this horrid place—let us bid adieu to it for ever—every moment that we stay renders us more criminal, more wretched.”

Whilst Jennet spoke thus, I had time to reflect upon what I should do preparative to my departure from Derbyshire. Lady Gertrude assured us we might command her coach, and that she would see us comfortably settled in London—

London—"in the mean time," added she, "I will lodge you at the house of an old servant of my own, till you can look about you for a situation that may suit you better." Her words wrung my soul—I had not been accustomed to be obliged to strangers—much less to the sort of woman that I perceived Lady Gertrude to be—My guardian had bred me up in ease and opulence—Sir Charles Beaufort had given me a taste for magnificence—My heart sighed at the air of lively hauteur which shone in Lady Gertrude's features—yet I thanked her for becoming the instrument of fathoming this fatal mysterious conduct of Sir Charles. I left the room, to prepare for my journey, whilst Jennet ordered in refreshments for Lady Gertrude.

I separated the wardrobe I had before I lived with Sir Charles from that which
his

his profusion bestowed on me after ; the former I packed up, the latter I returned into the chests from whence I had just taken them out. My jewels, my trinkets, in short, every thing which was presented me by him, I put up into drawers ; and, locking them, I gave the keys to Mrs. Sindall, a trusty servant, whom Sir Charles had appointed my housekeeper. After that was done, I retired to my closet, threw myself on my knees, and after giving way to a violent flood of tears, and recommending to the pity of Heaven my wretched condition, supplicating also mercy, as far as God saw me guilty in my connection with Sir Charles, I took up my pen and wrote the following lines :

“ To

“ *To* SIR CHARLES BEAUFORT.

“ The unhappy wretch, Sir, who now addresses you, means not to reproach you with your perfidy, nor to tax you with her misfortunes—I am, it is true, reduced to the very brink of despair, and now totter on the precipice of destruction—no friendly twig can I lay hold of to save my fall—My innocence, which was my only dowry, I have been robbed of—and the peace of mind that conscious virtue gave has been violently torn from me—yet, Sir, I will not reproach you—you may reconcile to yourself the treating me thus—I was a poor orphan—I had neither friends nor fortune——perhaps you thought me too ambitious——Be it so, have I not suffered sufficiently ?

“ Then

“ Then, Sir, I have one favour to ask of you——If your triumph is complete——if the sacrifice of my honour, innocence, and reputation, has gratified your pride——oh! Sir, for once let pity soften your heart, and do not deny me the only gleam of comfort yet remaining——I conjure you, Sir, not to persecute me in my retreat——never let me again behold a man whom I have so much reason to abhor——Permit me to spend the few years, or hours, to come, of my life, in lamenting my credulity, and expiating my offence—I quit your house this moment——your servant will deliver to you the keys of those drawers which contain the finery of prostitution——Heaven give you repentance!——and may the ruin of poor Eliza be the last of crimes for which you will one day be judged!”

This

This letter I also intrusted to the care of Mrs. Sindall; and prayed her, when her master came into Derbyshire, to give it to him; but not, on any account, to send it by the post. She was a good sort of woman, and I had no doubt of her doing as I desired. Mrs. Sindall promised to obey me. A few tears strayed down her cheeks when I bid her adieu; though she had no notion that I was any other than the wife of Beaufort, and that my absence would be but temporary.

I had almost forgot to mention, that, with some presents of money from my guardian, (made me at different times,) besides a very beautiful watch, of many coloured golds, adorned with diamonds of the first water, and several other rich trinkets which his affection and generosity lavished on me, I left Derbyshire still possessed of some things of value,
which

which was a little comfort to Jenner, who seemed to dread the poverty that soon after stared us in the face : yet let me do her the justice to declare, that it was for my sake alone she shrunk at its approach.

Our journey to London was a melancholy one, on the part of Jenner and me. Lady Gertrude endeavoured to restrain her satisfaction ; but exultation still danced in her eyes, in spite of all her efforts to conceal it. My poor heart was torn with conflicting passions ; but judge so properly of it as to believe, my Lord, that a detestation of the author of my misfortune was not the least predominant—How differently did he appear in those minutes to my imagination !——it pictured him the murderer of Col. Temple—the perpetrator of infamy. I deplored the wretchedness of my fate—I bewailed my

my loss of parents—of Beauvarise—and of Temple. I was friendless and miserable to the last degree in my own opinion.

I beheld Lady Gertrude Beaufort with an eye of compassion; and if I envied her at all, it was not for the opportunities she would have of seeing Sir Charles, and being continually with him, but for that un sullied virtue which she possessed, and which I could never more attain; yet, my Lord, amidst these woes, the reflection of my never having given Beaufort reason to suppose he could have gained me on cheaper terms, afforded me some comfort; and though, to all appearance, I had been robbed of virtue, I ever adored its image, and it was ever engraven on my heart.

When we arrived in London, Lady Gertrude ordered her people to carry

us

us to Mrs. Morris's; they did as they were desired; and a very decent-looking woman having made her appearance, and pressed us to walk in, her Ladyship accepted the invitation, and desired us to follow her. We had not been long seated, when Lady Gertrude begged to speak to Mrs. Morris in another room; they left us for some minutes: and upon their return I was introduced to her as a lady, who, upon Lady Gertrude's recommendation, had taken lodgings there in preference to every other place. The good woman was kind, and teasing with her compliments—I was heartily sick, distressed, and fatigued. Lady Gertrude soon after took her leave, and wished me *all happiness in my new habitation*: I thought she spoke those words with a degree of emphasis which shocked me; however, my poor heart began to be accustomed to the rubs of fortune, and
I endeavoured

I endeavoured to prevent testifying that I was hurt by this last indelicate *stroke* of hers.

When Jennet and I took possession of our apartment, we dismissed the thrifty landlady, begging to be left to ourselves: our request was complied with; and we gave a loose to our sorrow. We recapitulated every scene that had happened which could have given us the least suspicion: and we both agreed, that things had been carried on so secretly, that our knowledge of Beaufort's baseness must have proceeded from inspiration alone.

That night we neither of us slept—I was burning with a fever, which I imputed to the effect travelling post ever had on me; but it was of a more ferious nature. The next day I was worse: and, in the evening, became delirious

——I had every symptom of the most alarming and dangerous illness.

Jennet sent for an apothecary who lived near us; he pronounced my case to be desperate, but gave me medicines, which evidently increased the disorder. She refused to let me take any more of them, and dispatched a messenger to Dr. H——, whose humanity, not to say a word of his merit as a physician, rendered his assistance the most desirable thing in the world to her at that crisis. He told Jennet that I certainly was in infinite danger, but not to despair; for my youth might do much for me: he was not divested of hope, he said; and, with proper care and attendance, I might do very well again. Dr. H—— prophesied truly—it was the will of Heaven that his skill, and Jennet's tenderness, should restore me—but indeed, my Lord, my health has
never

never since recovered the violent shock which my soul received at that fatal time—it was the cause of my illness—that alone reduced me to the door of death.

Dr. H——, upon taking his leave, told me he had no more advice to give me which would require my sending to my apothecary any further ; but he had *still* a piece, that, if I would promise to follow, he should impart to me—I promised faithfully——“ Well, then, Madam,” said he, respectfully taking my hand, “ I cannot insure you health long, unless you determine to cast from you immediately those subjects of uneasiness which have occasioned this violent emotion in a frame so delicate—Something has disturbed you—you are of a disposition, I fancy, to brood over calamity—but, ah ! forbear—your sense your religion, must teach you resignation—

C 2

tion—you endanger your life by meditating on circumstances distressful, and which human prudence could not foresee—you must therefore owe the preservation of your life to a calm and chearful patience——dissipate your ideas when they grow too interesting; and, by a noble effort of heroism, recover at once your peace and health.”

Tears streamed down my cheeks as he spoke—He was affected—but kindly endeavoured to contribute to my chearfulness by calling another subject. In short, my Lord, Dr. H— spoke to me in so gentle, so sensible a manner, that I thought of his departure from me with reluctance.

When I was pretty well recovered, I found that my expences (for Jennet spared no cost in getting every thing for me that she fancied I required) had
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swallowed up what little ready money we had ; and, after a long consultation with her, I prevailed on her to let me apply to some milliner for employment —“ I can draw and paint well,” cried I ; “ it will be an amusement to me to do such sort of work on their fan-mounts ; and, as I have a quick hand, I will contrive, by my industry, to save some of those trinkets which my dear guardian gave me——I will, however, part with a few at present ; till I am settled in this new way of life, we must raise money as we can : after that I promise you we will want for little.”

Jennet could not bear the thought of this undertaking ; but I over-ruled her objections, and applied to Mrs. Morris that very night to speak to some milliner for me on the subject. She soon informed us, that she could get work enough of that sort for me ; and,

as I was to be paid in proportion to what I executed, the price could not then be determined. I desired Mrs. Morris to bring me some the next day, and to fix my employment with one of those milliners she had spoken to.

Every thing was done as I directed, and I entered upon my new plan with an apparent chearfulness, which I saw my amiable Jennet was both amazed and pleased at; yet she could not overcome her sorrow at the sight—tears and sighs would frequently escape her—and I would surprise her, with her eyes fixed up to Heaven, and her hands clasped with fervour, as if invoking the blessed spirit of my mother to comfort and pray for her unhappy child.

Jennet was cook, nurse, companion, and friend, to me. I was often unhappy to see her have so much work and trouble,

trouble, and as often did I try to share it with her; but *there* she was ever refractory. She took in plain linen, and executed a good deal of it; for which she was very well paid. As for my fan-mounts, they were more amusing at first than they were afterwards; but every thing I undertook soon grew tiresome and insipid to me: I laboured, however, at the work, and ever pretended to Jennet that it was highly agreeable to me. I had received some money for my performances; and though I did not think it adequate to their value, yet still, as it helped to maintain us, I was contented to go on at the same rate.

Mrs. Morris one evening had a cold
——I had finished a week's task, and Jennet was therefore obliged to get the milliner's direction, and carry it thither herself. As she waited in the shop to

receive her money, Col. Middleton entered it, to look at some ruffles. Janet hung her head, and disappeared as soon as she could, telling the woman, that, as she saw she was busy, she would call another time.

Col. Middleton, however, knew her, in spite of her endeavours to conceal herself; and, without seeming to take any notice of her, he dogged her, at a distance, to the door of our house. She entered it in much confusion, and informed me that she had seen him—It fluttered me extremely—I started at every sound—I trembled at every noise—yet neither of us supposed he had observed her. About ten o'clock that night I heard a bustle on the stairs—Mrs. Morris's voice was loud—she declared no one should go up without my orders—I could not distinguish any reply that was made her; but hastened
to

to the door, I turned the key, and bolted it besides. The lock was tried by some one on the outside; but finding I was prepared to refuse them admittance, the door was violently forced open, by its being pressed against with much strength, and in rushed Sir Charles Beaufort and Col. Middleton. I cannot tell you what my emotions were at beholding the former—I screamed in an agony of woe—I clapped my hands involuntarily to my eyes, to prevent their seeing him. He approached me—he threw himself at my feet. I started from him.

“Ah! my God!” cried he, “how little did I expect this, when last we parted!—Is this my tender, my enchanting Eliza!—Oh! pity, pity your Beaufort—I am in despair—I am ingulphed in wretchedness. Do you fly me? Will you not even look at me?—

me?—Alas ! I would not hurt you for the world——Do but speak to me”——and, rising, he advanced to embrace me——“ do call me once more your Beaufort——then let me die—for I can ask no more.” His voice, my Lord——oh ! that harmonious accent——it still vibrates on my ear——yes, his voice was then the voice of despair, indeed. I pushed him from me with all the strength I could assume——and, calling up my resolution, I spoke to him thus :

‘ You have robbed me, Sir, of innocence, peace, and reputation——you have abused the most sacred engagements——you have broken the most solemn vows——What more do you desire of me that you have not yet obtained?——If to persecute me to the very verge of the grave——if to render my life still more insupportable than you have already made it——if such be your wish,

wish, Sir——why I must still bear up against your cruelty, and only intreat of Heaven to shorten the few days yet remaining of my wretched life—Ah! my God! continued I, with streaming eyes, ‘it was your blessed will to snatch from me my guardian—Upon his dying bed, Sir, he bequeathed me to you—he told me to fear nothing—that *you* would be my father—my protector—my husband——Ah! how little did he think *you* would prove my bitterest enemy!——the seducer of my youth—the betrayer of my innocence!’

During this speech, which was pronounced with the utmost warmth of suffering sensibility, Sir Charles regarded me with the most fixed attention. When I mentioned the Duke of Beauvarise, he started; and when I accused him of becoming my enemy, he threw himself on his knees before me. When

my grief choaked my voice, and stopped my utterance, he looked up in my face—he paused for some moments—and then, catching hold of a part of my gown, he exclaimed——

“ Speak on, my Eliza!—cover me with infamy—yet, if this will extenuate my crime, hear me, ye blessed saints!”——‘ Hold Sir,’ cried I, interrupting him—‘ no more—I am sick of your perfidy—you have sworn too often to deceive me again.’ He bowed, and remained silent ; but his sorrow was agonizing—he sobbed aloud—his tears fell upon my gown, which he still hugged close to his bosom—the sighs of his soul burst forth, in spite of all his efforts to suppress them—and at the moment I beheld him with horror, I pitied his situation.


I turned

I turned to Col. Middleton—‘ Sir,’ said I, ‘ let me implore you to prevail on your friend to depart—Why am I thus perplexed? Is it to renew my distress? Is it to cast me into the most dreadful of torments? Is he not now acting against all reason—against his honour? Where is his amiable—his beautiful wife? Why does he not *now* recompence his charming Gertrude for all the pangs I *unknowingly* made her suffer?’

At her name he raised his eyes—He seized my hands—“ Eliza!” cried he, “ never for the sake of my peace, never mention her again—Oh! the cursed wretch!—she is the sole cause of your ruin, and my misery—Her arts—Damn her! damn her!” ‘ Sir Charles,’ replied I, ‘ forbear—I will not be compelled to hear you longer—do not stay to see me die at your feet.’ He caught
me

me in his arms—I struggled to disengage myself—I succeeded, and was quitting the room, when Col. Middleton threw himself between me and the door—This was past all endurance, and I burst into tears—Sir Charles immediately approached me—“Most adored of your sex! since I am indeed become the unhappy object of your aversion, be under no apprehension—I will leave you instantly—but first let me present you with what your guardian left you in my hands, and which is yours by every title upon earth.”—He kneeled—he clasped my knees—I was in an agony of despair—but he arose, and taking from his pocket a large paper, he put it into my lap. I threw it from me. He would not stay to hear my refusal; but, bidding me an adieu which seemed to rend his heart asunder, he precipitately left the room with Col. Middleton.

Jennet



Jennet had been out of the way during this scene; she had gone home with her own work as soon as it was finished, and by that means escaped the sight of Sir Charles Beaufort. When she returned, she found Mrs. Morris bathing my temples with lavender-water, and recovering me from a fainting fit, which had seized me on their departure. She was soon made acquainted with the cause; and Mrs. Morris added, that upon her assuring Sir Charles no such lady as he described lived there, Col. Middleton told her he would take his oath that he had seen Jennet enter about three hours before; and, without hearing any thing further, Sir Charles flew up stairs, and was followed by his friend.

Mrs. Morris soon after quitted the room; and I told Jennet all that had passed, and presented her with the paper

per Beaufort had given me. She opened it—it was a settlement of a thousand a year on me during my life, and at my death to be disposed of as I pleased. We both exclaimed together, “How shall we contrive to return it to him!” It was at last determined that Jennet should go early to his house in Grosvenor-square, and leave it with his valet, who was trusty, and faithful to him. She did so; and with our poverty we were happier than if we had condescended to be obliged to him. Jennet also went to look for other lodgings for us: we considered ourselves as no longer safe, since Sir Charles was privy to our habitation; and she fixed on a spot retired, and conveniently situated for our work.

To Mrs. Morris we discovered the secret of our abode; and, as she disinterestedly approved of our removal,

we

we agreed to convey our things away from her house that very day.

Sir Charles persecuted that good woman—he was continually with her to endeavour to get intelligence of the place of our residence—he gave her letters to carry to me, but she would directly return them to him, feigning ignorance where to find me; so I did not hear more from Sir Charles for a length of time.

What often surprised me, my Lord, was, that Lady Gertrude deigned no further to visit me than just whilst it could serve her own purpose to do so—I thought I could not have treated any poor creature in that way—however, on the whole, I was not sorry for it; for, to say the truth, I abhorred the idea of seeing either her or her husband.

A few

A few months had passed, when one day Mrs. Morris came to visit us—She seemed to be in great affliction—We asked her the cause——and I do assure you I was shocked when she informed us of it.

“Lady Gertrude Beaufort, Madam,” said she, “I attended on from the earliest days of her infancy until her return to England, when my years pleaded want of rest; and, as I could no longer be of service to her, I retired to keep house for myself——She has ever been kind and gracious to me—and I must very soon lose her for ever.” Here she burst into a flood of tears. We prayed her to explain *how she was about to lose her*—we inquired with eagerness concerning her——and felt ourselves interested in her fate.

“Why,

“ Why, Madam,” said she, “ I fear things are worse at home than they should be—Sir Charles Beaufort scarcely ever saw his Lady for a length of time——She was courted, admired, attended, by every other man of fashion and elegance—To forget her sorrows, she almost lived in public—Her form, her constitution, were both delicate—The event is, that she is now so far gone in what the physicians call a galloping consumption, that I fear a very few weeks, if not days, must put an end to her existence.”

The good Mrs. Morris's grief redoubled——Jennet's tears and mine accompanied every syllable she had uttered—and she left us infinitely concerned at the melancholy end of a young and beautiful woman, whose affliction I doubly lamented, as having
been

been the unfortunate though innocent cause of it.

In about a month after, we were told by Mrs. Morris of Lady Gertrude's death; and Jennet and I were sincere and artless mourners of her untimely fate.

I had now a calamity, my Lord, to contend with, that I tremble to name— If through the series of wretchedness that has befallen the unhappy Eliza you should have dropt a tear, refuse not at least some sighs of compassion to the memory of my dear and ever-valued Jennet,

It was about this time she was attacked with a violent bilious complaint in her stomach, attended with a fever—it was a long and severe illness she endured—however, to all appearance she recovered

recovered it, though in fact its hold had taken too deep root ever to be exterminated but with life. Jennet was pronounced by Dr. H—— to be out of danger——“that is,” continued he, in a low voice to me, “out of *immediate* danger—Good spirits, and nourishment, are now the remaining prescriptions I give, and from which I have every hope.” She grew better, as I thought; and this was a comfort to my heart beyond what it had experienced before for many months.

Whilst Jennet was gaining strength, I neglected my work, in order to amuse her, by reading to her the works of such authors as she was fond of; and as a total stagnation was by that means put to our getting any money, which we were then much in want of, I sent to beg Mrs. Morris to come to me one morning. She immediately obeyed my summons;

summons ; and I charged her with the disposal of a diamond ring, and some other trinkets, which I prayed her to sell to the best advantage. She kindly undertook the task, and gave me a promise of returning in the evening. This amiable woman, my Lord, (who, it seems, had been informed of my sad story from the mouth of her late Lady,) wept at the office my necessities had forced upon her, and she lamented sincerely my change of fortune. Her humanity, however, misled her judgment, and induced her to take a step which was more disagreeable to me than the parting with all the jewels in my possession could have been.

Sir Charles Beaufort had been constantly importuning her to disclose the secret of my retreat to him, particularly since the death of Lady Gertrude ; and she had as constantly withstood every temptation

temptation he had offered to induce her to reveal it; but, when she considered his unabated love for me—when she reflected that she could no longer injure her loved mistress by such a proceeding; and, above all, when the knowledge of my poverty called for her assistance—she thought she could not do better than give Sir Charles Beaufort an opportunity of declaring his honourable intentions towards me—without having an idea that a confidence once abused is seldom or never regained—Indeed, to argue more from my own feelings, my delicacy once alarmed, once disgusted, would ever teach me to abhor and shun the wretch who had conspired against my peace, against my virtue.

Mrs. Morris, after weighing maturely each consideration, whether or not she should impart to Sir Charles a secret

cret he so ardently wished to become master of, found many more conveniences, if not pleasures, would result from an interview between us, than could possibly happen from her keeping a pertinacious silence, which must inevitably cause misery to one if not both of us.

Fraught with this mistaken notion instead of carrying my trinkets to a jeweller, she made the best of her way to Grosvenor-square. Sir Charles's valet, knowing what a welcome visitant his master would think Mrs. Morris, soon brought her to the speech of him; and the good (yet weak) woman related to him not only my place of habitation, but the story of the commission which I had given her.

Beaufort seemed transported, and thanked her on his knees for her unexpected

expected intelligence. He begged her to give him the trinkets I had intrusted to her ; and, charging her not to mention a word of what had passed, presented her with fifty guineas, and desired her to tell me she had sold them for that sum. Mrs. Morris gladly accepted them for my use ; and, priding herself on the success of her negotiation, she hurried to me at the time appointed, and gave me the money in the secret manner Sir Charles had advised her.

I was surprised at the largeness of the sum, as I had before parted with some other of my guardian's presents, which I had thought of no less value, and which had not yielded me half that profit ; however, she answered my objections so as to remove them—I made no scruple to receive the fifty guineas, and imputed to Jennet's ignorance of

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such

such bargains the trifle she had sold the others for.

I was happy to have it in my power to contribute now so greatly to my dear Jennet's comfort, and by procuring little delicacies engage her to take a larger portion of nourishment than she had done for some time. She was ignorant of this late acquisition, as I feared it might grieve her, if I mentioned any thing of parting with the baubles I had so much prized.

That evening, as I was entertaining Jennet in the usual way of reading to her aloud, the door of the room we were in suddenly opened, and Sir Charles Beaufort stood before us. I was about to fly, on perceiving who it was; but he prevented me, by catching hold of my hand. He was dressed in full mourning, he looked thin and pale, and

and there was something in the turn of his features that bespoke despair.

“ Stay, Eliza,” cried he, in a composed and soft accent; “ I do assure you I will not terrify—I will say nothing that can offend you—Be yourself,” continued he, leading me to a seat—“ resume that happy tranquility which you once possessed—Look on me—I am the unhappy, the repentant Beaufort, with whom you have spent some blissful moments—Those, it is true, are passed—but still I am your lover—Dispel, then, these fears, and be persuaded that my own life and safety are not so dear to me as your repose.”

“ Ah! Sir,” replied I, ‘how different have ever been your words and actions! Have I not before assured you, that my *repose* which you pretend to

D 2

value

value thus highly, depended on never seeing or even hearing from you more ? And yet you take the very step which, of all others, you are well convinced must be the most obnoxious to my soul.'

" I did not, cruel Eliza !" answered Sir Charles, " suppose that horror would have subsisted after the death of the unhappy Gertrude—I own you have still the same cause to reproach my perfidy—but, surely, you have not the same to refuse me now and then a sight of you !—you can injure her no longer—but, ah ! reflect, by depriving me of the only joy I can experience on earth, you render me at once an object of despair—of wretchedness unknown before."

He kissed my hands with ardour,
and the drops of repentance fell from
his

his languid eyes—He raised his head at the sound of grief which issued from a corner of the room—He observed Jennet, who had crept from the fire-side on his entrance, and, to avoid his sight as much as possible, had retired to a chair as far from him as the smallness of our humble apartment would permit her to go—She had in vain endeavoured to suppress her sorrow and resentment, and hoped to have escaped his notice entirely: but Sir Charles Beaufort ever esteemed Jennet, and, if he had not seen, would have asked me for her, especially as Mrs. Morris had described to him the long and painful illness she had endured.

As soon as he beheld her, he quitted me, and, approaching her, he kneeled and kissed her hand—“ My much-revered, my good, my kind Jennet! suffer me in this posture to intreat your

D 3

pardon

pardon for the anguish, the misery, I have occasioned your dear ward and you—Ah! my amiable friend!” continued Sir Charles, “my love for her was ever firm—was ever unabated—but a cursed infatuation——Well, of that no more—poor Gertrude has fully expiated for all the sorrow she has caused me, and”——‘Stop, Sir, cried Jennet, ‘stop—We do not question you about your marriage——If you had a right to break the most solemn vows, God alone must exact an account why and how you should possess that right——However, Sir, in defiance of all your oaths and promises, you married——Had your villainy stopped there, it could not have affected us—But why, in the honoured names of her father, mother, and guardian.—I ask you, Sir, in their names——why did you dare to insult and betray the innocence

innocence of a young and helpless orphan, who had nothing to depend upon but that spotless fame which your brutality, your dishonourable proceeding, has cast an indelible stain upon? —‘Begone! begone!’ exclaimed she, with a strength of voice which I thought her weak frame incapable of exerting ‘begone, vile man!—And, oh!’ continued she, clasping her hands with fervour, ‘may I never again be tormented with the sight one who has robbed my sweet, my lovely young lady, of that serenity and peace of mind which Heaven, with her immaculate innocence, had given her as her dowry.’

Sir Charles Beaufort was shocked, was agitated beyond description, at this animated, this strong reproach. As for my part, I sat a motionless spectatress of the scene——my heart had been so long inured to fears, and sorrow, that

I seemed at that moment to be deprived of those keen sensations which I had so often experienced before even at the mention of this unworthy man—but I was then exhausted—my terrors for Jennet's life had lately put my feelings to their utmost stretch—the cord appeared at that moment to have been relaxed from over-much straining, and I was for the only instant of my existence insensible to the woes before me.

Beaufort arose—"Madam," cried the unfortunate man, "you are just—I am but too sensible of it—Alas! however severe, I merit all you can say—Yet I did hope—yes, merciless Jennet! I did flatter myself—you would not have rejected the penitence of a wretch, who has nothing but his *penitence* to offer to his God and to your honoured lady—But I am punished deservedly—If I swear, you reproach me with

with my broken vows—if I submit to your accusations, but beg you to remember mercy, you command me to be gone, and to despair—Well, then, I will go—but, yet, how shall I?—Oh! compassionate me, Jennet,” throwing himself once more on his knees before her—“ here I lay open to you my bleeding, my agonizing heart—I am miserable—yes, I am miserable in the utmost extreme of the word—wound me no further—intercede for me—let me claim a more legal title to her, to your favour—the ceremony of marriage—oh! bless me with its performance—she is mine by every other right—yield her to me now in that sacred band, that must insure us bliss for ever.”

Jennet was torn with conflicting struggles—she knew too well she should not long survive—the idea of leaving

me without one friend in the world, without the shadow of a protector, shocked her tenderness—but her delicate soul still recoiled at the thought of giving me a second time to a man from whom my honour had received an injury, never to be compensated in her opinion—yet his unfeigned penitence, his open avowal of marriage, his soul-rending grief, all conspired to make her pity and strive to relieve his agony.

When Sir Charles had done speaking, he fixed his wild impatient eyes in her face—She wept plentifully—she could not utter a word. He approached me—he took my cold, my passive hand—and led me to the feet of Jennet—

“ Here, Jennet,” continued he, “ look on this master-piece of perfection—Will you not insure her youth a fond,

fond, a cherishing protector?" Jennet looked up, and, clasping her arms around me, she exclaimed, "What does my dear Miss Eliza say?—Will she consent?—I shall not long be with you——Will you once more trust to the vows of Sir Charles Beaufort?—Shall he supply the place of your poor faithful Jennet?"

"Never," cried I, with a firm composure, "never, as long as I live, will I trust to a man from whom I have suffered such injury: yet," continued I, "mistake me not, Sir—I forgive you, from the bottom of my heart I forgive you—My prayers for your health, your repentance, and your happiness shall be your attendants ever—but never can I consent, even for your own credit's sake, to give you a wife whose innocence is stained, whose character is lost."

D 6

Perhaps.

Perhaps, my Lord, you may suppose I wept—perhaps you represent to yourself my form as a pathetic picture of woe—No—I resembled an insensible statue—I had no tears—I felt no grief—nothing could at that moment have made an impression on my soul—even the distress, the agonizing distress, of Sir Charles Beaufort affected me not. Now you may believe that I had conquered sensibility itself.

He clasped his hands in wild astonishment—he wrung them in deep despair—he cast himself at my feet—he besought me to recal the dreadful sentence I had pronounced—he exclaimed against it in the agony of his heart—he swore to put an end to his wretched life, if I persisted in refusing him. I beheld him in meek surprise, and pitied the affliction his own guilt had involved him in—I told him, if he would leave

us immediately, (for I saw my poor Jennet was almost overcome by the violence of his sorrow,) he should hear from me in two days at farthest—that I would consider well on all that had passed that night, and that he should soon receive my determination, provided I neither saw nor heard from him in the mean time.

“ Ah !” cried he, “ must I leave you in such horrid uncertainty !—you have, perhaps, doomed me already to eternal misery, and you fear to repeat it to me—but do not—I will not alarm you—I will not expire before you—I will spare your eyes the terror of that scene.”

‘ Well, well,’ answered I, ‘ pray oblige me in my turn—I do not wish to inspire you with hope—I am above acting towards you with duplicity—

Give

Give me, however, two days to determine finally—If I can bring myself to think of you with less horror—if I can so far compassionate your repentance as to reward it— I will tell you so—but at present I must be candid enough to say, my delicacy, nay, my senses, must be lulled asleep, if ever I consent again to assume the title of your wife. Adieu! Sir——till you quit this house I will suffer nothing to plead for you in my bosom.'

The unfortunate Sir Charles was too much shocked, too little himself, to offer to detain me; and I walked out of the room without molestation. When I was gone, he intreated Jennet, in the most pathetic manner, to become his advocate.

She promised little—but he flattered himself, from the share of pity she seemed

seemed to bestow on him that she would plead for him with success——yet he took his leave in no enviable state of mind——doubts, hopes, and fears, were the companions of his breast—and the reproaches he must have made his own heart were not the least of his punishments.

When we were left to ourselves, I prevailed on Jennet to retire to rest directly, saying that at breakfast, the next morning, we would talk over the strange occurrences of the evening. She assented to my proposal; and as soon as she was in bed, and asleep, I returned to the other room, and, throwing myself on an old-fashioned row of chairs, I gave a loose to those sensations which until that moment I imagined I had for ever conquered.

You will wonder, my Lord, why I should have put off Sir Charles to a later day,

day, and why I should have kept him for an instant in suspense—but, if you will consider my situation at that period, you must be convinced, that, had I not by some little art engaged him to quit us, my dear Jennet, already exhausted, would soon have sunk beneath the fatigue of mind and body that oppressed her.

The next morning my kind friend asked me what I had determined on?

“ My dear Jennet,” cried I, “ is it possible that you, who know me, should doubt one minute of my resolution?—Every thing tells me I should not hearken to Sir Charles—my soul disdains his perfidy—and who knows but this repentance may be such a piece of his art as we cannot see through?—But if in that respect I should injure him, my heart no longer acknowledges his empire

pire over it—I once loved him——ah ! my God ! to what a degree of fondness did I love him !—but at the instant I ceased to *esteem* Sir Charles Beaufort, the purity of my sentiments forbade me to behold him longer in the light of a lover——I will sooner die than vow to honour a man for whom I must ever possess the most intire contempt.”

Jennet argued with me, but she had the worst side to defend. We at length agreed to change once more our place of habitation, and that I should then write to Sir Charles, and leave my letter with Mrs. Morris for him. We determined however, not to intrust her again with our secret, as we suspected it was she alone who could have discovered our retreat to Sir Charles.

Jennet and I went together in a coach to many houses that advertised for lodgers

lodgers, and at last we made choice of one that seemed most eligibly situated for us, and settled the terms. I had our things carried thither that very day ; and after discharging all our expences at the former lodging, Jennet and I immediately took possession of our new one. Prior to our departure though, I sent for Mrs. Morris, reproached her with the information she had given to Sir Charles Beaufort, and assured her of its having occasioned me much trouble and vexation. The poor woman confessed to me, with tears in her eyes, the whole story ; and the idea of the fifty guineas distressed me beyond measure : however, as I had broken in upon them, I gave Mrs. Morris my watch—I intreated her not to deceive me, but to sell it ; and, as it was, with its chain and appurtenances, a very beautiful, and, indeed, magnificent ornament, I did hope, with the ring
and

and the other things which Sir Charles had taken from Mrs. Morris, it would make up to the full the sum which he had sent me by her. At the same time I gave her a letter for Sir Charles, which I begged her to deliver to him the next day. We said nothing of our intentions to leave the house we received her in ; and she bid us adieu ! promising to do all as I directed. The letter I sent to Sir Charles Beaufort was as follows :

“ *To* SIR CHARLES BEAUFORT.

“ AT the moment that I must refuse a request on which (if your protestations may be believed) your happiness depends, my soul trembles at the idea of giving you uneasiness—but it is past—My reason, my delicacy, my peace, called loudly on me to determine
mine

mine as I have done ; and you, Sir, must blame my cruel stars, not me, if you think that in this point I have treated you with rigour.

“ Mrs. Morris will make good to you the money you were so kind as to furnish her with for my use ; with it, Sir, receive my thanks for your generous intention.

“ I once more intreat that I may be thought of by you no further than as a friend, who will ever pray sincerely for that sincerity of mind which your return to virtue can alone insure. Adieu ! Sir : this is the last time, I trust, that you will consider it worth your while to persecute a wretch worn with grief, and little able to contend against a new affliction——Heaven guard you !

“ ELIZA WARWICK.”

We

We were now sure that we had escaped for ever this dangerous, this insinuating man; and we once more endeavoured to regain that tranquility which our constant fears and alarms had deprived us of for many a long day: but, alas!—ah! they will never end!——*Never!* did I say?—Ungrateful Eliza!—Yes, my Lord, they will very soon cease to torment; and the unfortunate orphan, who now relates her woes, will, ere many days expire, be translated to those blissful regions where pain and sorrow come not—Be not affected dear Huntley, at this assurance——rejoice with me at the prospect which now opens before me, and *with me* look forward with exultation and delight.

* * * * *

Soon after we were settled in our new abode, I saw my dear and amiable friend

friend visibly dying by slow gradations—her strength deserted her—a fever consumed her—and the gnawing vulture, grief, preyed upon her vitals. All this I saw with terror, with agony, Ah! my Lord, who can paint the exquisite misery I endured!—my hand trembles as I write—my heart sickens at the bare remembrance of what I was at that time about to suffer.

Dr. H——, whose kind assistance I again implored, gave me little reason to hope her recovery, and in a short time assured me all medicine was fruitless. Jennet was herself perfectly sensible of her approaching dissolution—yet I never believed it would happen so soon.

One evening, as I was reading to her while she lay on the bed, she arose from her

her reclining posture, and, taking hold of my hand, she thus addressed me :

“ My dear young lady ! be not alarmed, be not grieved, at an event that will happen in a few hours, and which all our care has not been able to prevent—God has pleased to call me out of this world, at a time indeed, when most I wished to live—when your friendless situation would render your Jennet a necessary companion—and when her services would appear to you most useful——But how shall I do my duty to my Creator, if I thus repine at his commands ?——Yet, oh ! my dear my valued child !” cried she, embracing me as I sat, “ how shall I leave you, thus alone, as it were in the wide world !—Who will attend on you in sickness ?—who will comfort you in sorrow ?” “ Oh ! Jennet, Jennet,” replied I, clasping my arms about her as if
to

to detain her from going, ‘do not, do not leave me——What will become of me, indeed!—I have no one to comfort, no one to protect me but you——Ah, God! will you snatch from me the only consolation I have left?’ She replied not—and I raised up my eyes to her face—Ah! my Lord, I perceived at that moment she was struggling with Death——‘What,’ cried I, frantic, ‘will you go, then?——Jennet, Jennet, my dearest, best of friends! will you forsake the poor orphan you have loved so long? She raised her eyes to Heaven, as if intreating its protection of me——she could not speak——her voice had failed her—her breath grew short. The idea of losing her gave way at that instant to a consideration less selfish, and I exerted my reason to appear composed, and to assist her in her dying moments. She shortly after grasped my hand with fervour——and, laying

laying her face on my lap, as I sat by her, expired. Thus died the sincerest of friends, and the most amiable of women!

* * * * *

When I found that she was really gone, my shrieks brought up the landlady of the house, who was, most fortunately for me, of a humane and gentle disposition. She spoke to me in that common style which people on such occasions mistake for comfort—she, however, let fall many a tear at the sight of my affliction—and if she knew not how to alleviate my sorrows, she could at least sympathize in them—But, my Lord, I then gave myself up as a creature despised by the world, and abandoned by Heaven—I reflected on Jennet's tenderness, her faithfulness, both to my mother and to me—My

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E

misery

misery and despair are not to be expressed.

“ Ah !” would I often say, as I embraced her lifeless form——“ ah ! my more than parent !—in this stroke, in this *one* stroke, have I experienced the greatest misfortune that could befall me !—Now to whom can I apply for advice ?—to whom shall I unbosom my full heart ?——Where shall I find such a friend ?—*Such a friend !*——ah ! *now*, I have not one friend in the world !”

When my Jennet was buried—oh ! good God ! what a scene !—I will spare you, my Lord,—I will pass it over.

* * * * *

In defraying the expences of Jennet’s burial I parted with my last guinea, and I had neither resolution nor spirits to undertake

undertake any employment for my subsistence—a slow fever hung upon me—and I was, from fatigue and anxiety, emaciated to a mere skeleton. My kind landlady waited upon and nursed me with the tenderness of a mother—but, I know not how it is, my Lord, poverty and pride are such inseparable companions, that I could not bear to be further obliged than I had a prospect of repaying—I therefore shunned Mrs. Adams, and would remain whole days, locked up in my apartment, without beholding the face of any creature but a servant, who would bring me up for breakfast and dinner something that her good mistress would provide for me. In the mean time, grief preyed upon my heart, and, like a pernicious reptile on a rose, destroyed my health and bloom.

Mrs. Adams indulged me in my retreat for some days; but when she sup-

posed that the violence of my distress had decreased, and reason was about to resume its seat, she absolutely insisted on my taking some air, and leaving those sad apartments oftener than I did. This was very disagreeable to me—I hoped that my sorrow, as it could affect none but myself, might have been suffered to take its course, and that my melancholy and wretchedness would not have been disturbed——But Mrs. Adams pleaded to me the duties of religion—and to those duties my heart assented.

I now began to think once more of applying for some fan-mounts, to procure me subsistence——I imparted my scheme to Mrs. Adams, and she agreed to get me some—They in a little measure helped to restore me to myself—but, alas! my Lord, to what was I restored!——only to a more sensible and perfect knowledge of my unhappy situation.

ation. It is true, I exclaimed not—I wept not so frequently—but a surer and more fatal despondency had taken root in my bosom—and it was not, because I was less violent, that I was more happy—on the contrary, I felt that the melancholy I then endured would very soon become a surer poison than that of a louder and more turbulent sorrow could possibly be.

At the end of one week, when I was to return the work I had taken compleat, Mrs. Adams was not well, and, rather than be the occasion of inconvenience to her, I determined to carry the mounts myself. I left the house very plainly attired, with the hood of my cloak drawn up about my face, and was, I thought, securely hidden from the prying eyes of any I should chance to meet; but the event will prove I was known, in spite of all my caution.

E 3

I had

I had not turned many streets in my way home, when I lifted up my head suddenly on hearing my name pronounced in a low and tremulous tone; but what was my amazement, my Lord, to behold in the person that thus accosted me no other than my old friend Mr. Warley. I blushed—I was concerned at the rencontre—however, I tried to make the best of it, and smiled through those tears that forced their way into my eyes. He begged me to give him leave to attend me home—I desired him not to think of it—but he over-ruled my objections by his kind and obstinate intreaties, and I consented to it at length, though with much regret. As soon as we arrived at my poor home, and I led the way into my little drawing-room, the amiable Mr. Warley fell at my feet, and burst into a flood of tears. This affected me more than I had been before; and, seating myself

myself, I pointed to a chair near me, which I wished him to occupy. Mr. Warley could not speak, but silently obeyed me. The agitations of us both were too great, too exquisite, for some time, to be described. After many minutes had elapsed, he exclaimed—

“ Ah! my dear Miss Warwick! it is thus we meet? It is thus, at last, I see you!” ‘ Alas! Mr. Warley,’ replied I, ‘ these emotions are too great for a poor creature, such as Eliza Warwick, to occasion in your bosom—I have been unfortunate, it is true—but misery is the lot of mortals——let not, then, my griefs draw from you those tears which may be shed in common for mankind——Bewail not that it is Eliza that endures, but that she has not fortitude sufficient to bear her trials as she ought.’ “ Ah!” cried he, snatching my hand with rapture, “ adversity has

not, I find, changed those sentiments which ever came still improved from those lips—No despair!—no complaints!—Ah! my Eliza!”

Mr. Warley sighed, and looked with significance upon me. To give a turn to the subject, I asked him how long he had been in town? “Three weeks,” answered he, “have I been in search of you—As soon as I returned from Ireland, I learned from Lord Stamford your history since his friend’s arrival in England—I posted to London, in order to seek you out, and offer you my friendship; but first I resolved to see Sir Charles, and desire an explanation of his treatment of you—In order to accomplish that design, I called at his house, and sent in my name; but I was told *he was very ill, and could see no one.*

I then

I then repaired to a coffee-house, which I knew he frequented, and where, if the story of his indisposition was feigned, I should stand some chance of seeing him—There I found Colonel Middleton—he confirmed the account given me by Sir Charles Beaufort's servants, and acquainted me that *his love for and anxiety about you had reduced him to the deplorable state he was then in*—Middleton next briefly informed me of the whole affair, since that diabolical deceit of his friend's, down to your refusal of him after his wife's death, and your change of habitation, which has since secreted you from him,

He added, that he wished *he could inform me of your place of retreat*—*Were it in his power to do it, Sir Charles Beaufort should not lie despairing and dying—your direction would soon be known to him, and the unhappy lover be enabled to pour*

the soft tale into your perhaps pitying ear. My blood arose," continued Mr. Warley, "at the unconcern and free air of Middleton, and, after telling him plainly, with all the warmth I felt on the occasion, *that Sir Charles Beaufort had acted the part of a villain,* I left him to chew the cud of his resentment.

What to do after this, I knew not—his intelligence had almost thrown me into despondency, and I could form no method by which I could discover your abode—however, as Col. Middleton had in his relation told me of the street in which Mrs. Morris lived, who knows, thought I, but this woman is in the secret, but pretends ignorance in order to shield Eliza from their persecution.

Big with this hope, I repaired to the woman's house, and made many inquiries

ries concerning you: to all which she answered with tears in her eyes, and an assurance of your not having thought it worth your while to mention to her your purpose of removing—you could not venture to trust her, she said, since she had been weak enough to disclose a circumstance you had done her the honour of intrusting, in confidence, to her discretion.

“ I, however, continued to visit Mrs. Morris, more from the pleasure of hearing you praised, and described in your different avocations, than from any idea of gaining intelligence of you. She endeavoured to put me in a way of being successful—she gave me a direction to the milliner’s from whom you took work, and told me that perhaps she knew something concerning you—though added she, *Jenner used to be very cautious not to let those people have the*

least hint relative to her Lady, in any respect, and I suppose continues to do so still.

“ I was determined to try—and, having learned the name you had assumed to them on your application for business, I went immediately to the shop, and inquired particularly about you. They said, they expected to hear from you on Saturday night, but they knew nothing of your place of residence—that they only engaged to buy from you the work you completed, and therefore it was immaterial to them where you lived.

“ My impatience for the arrival of Saturday is not to be told ; and when I awoke this morning, something like an agreeable presentiment rushed across my heart. I resolved to lurk about the street and shop all the evening, and to stick close to any I suspected till I heard
their

their business. When you passed me, I was struck ; but, on a nearer view of you, I thought the figure, though dignified and elegant as it appeared, was too emaciated for yours : yet I determined to follow you secretly into the house—Ah ! when I heard your voice, I no longer doubted—I was going to throw myself at your feet—I was about to discover myself to you before every one—but prudence restrained my impetuosity, and the fear of wounding your feelings and delicacy overcame the violence of my transport. I did intend to conceal myself until your arrival at home, but I found it was impossible ; my impatience broke through all restraint, and the event has made me happy.”

Here Mr. Warley kissed my hand with an expressive joy in his countenance,

nance, which I had long been a stranger to behold.

I thanked him for the trouble he had taken on my account, but at the same time regretted it. He would not hear me on that subject, but inquired anxiously for his good and much-revered friend Jennet. At this mention of her name, my grief was all awakened, and my heart throbbed with sorrow too big for utterance. Mr. Warley understood my emotions, and turned from me to conceal his tears.

From that hour, my Lord, Mr. Warley became a constant visitor at my poor dwelling ; and, will you believe it? in spite of all my misfortunes, it still remained in my power to make him happy. He made me an offer of his hand, assuring me, at the same time, his heart had ever been my property ; but I refused

fused his generous offer, by telling him, that if I would not marry him when my innocence was the brightest charm I owned, I would never pay him so poor a compliment as to do it when I was a bankrupt, not only of that, but of every other. I was sorry to perceive that the steadiness of my resolution made him unhappy: he loved me with a degree of sentiment and ardour which souls like his alone can feel.

Mr. Warley came to me one day, and told me he had a piece of intelligence to communicate to me that he flattered himself would give me pleasure. As he was ever studying some act of kindness towards me, I hardly wondered at the look of delight which was suffused over his whole countenance.

“ I wrote immediately, upon my finding your lodging,” said Mr. Warley,

“ to Lord Norfolk—I painted to him, in the liveliest colours, *your virtue, and distress—I spoke of the Duke of Beauvarise’s bounty, and of the fortune he bequeathed you—of the unfortunate fire which in an ill-fated hour destroyed all hope of provision from your guardian—and that you were too great, too noble, to descend to accept of a maintenance from the man who had so highly injured you. I asked him, if he did not think the honour of his wife’s family concerned in rescuing an amiable niece from poverty and ruin?—that it was very uncertain how long you might be concealed from Sir Charles Beaufort, whom, though he had offered you the most honourable recompence, your soul disdained, and your virtue abhorred—that his malice, and the advice of his friends, might stimulate a man of such abandoned principles to take some violent measures to regain you in his power—and that it was a cruel situation for any young creature to be exposed to*
—but

—but surely more horrible, when it is considered that this amiable unhappy female is the niece of Lord Tenterdon and Lady Norfolk; and that, though she has great relations, she cannot amongst them find one charitable friend who would reach out an arm to screen her from insult.

I then mentioned to him, cruel Eliza!" continued Mr. Warley, "my love and admiration of you, and your fixed resolve to punish me for daring to aspire to so much beauty, and so much virtue—I also added, that, would you have accepted of my hand and fortune, or my fortune, without any expectation on my side of a return, Lord Norfolk would not have received such an application. I waited," said Mr. Warley "with an extreme impatience for his answer, which I received last night, he tells me, he ever loved and respected you, and that upon the death of the Duke of Beauvarise he would have offered you an asylum in his house

house but for some family reasons, which at length he has intirely overcome—and that Lady Norfolk will send her own maid in their post-coach for you whatever day you will please to appoint—their house and every thing in it (he promises) shall be rendered as comfortable and agreeable to you as you could wish.”

What strange news was this, my Lord!—I remained motionless—I did not think I heard truly—The idea of being owned by my family, the thought of finding a parent in Lady Norfolk, and the hope of her and Lord Norfolk’s protection, so overcame me with a sensation of joy, that I was unable to pour forth my gratitude to the worthy and friendly Mr. Warley. He was affected at the sight of my agitation—he kissed my hands—he bid me look on him as a brother—and that, if I did not like my reception and treatment at Norfolk-Mansion,

Mansion, he would endeavour to place me somewhere more to my satisfaction.

When I had the power of utterance, I said all that a heart overflowing with thankfulness, and admiration of his worth, could dictate: and, as soon as he was gone, I wrote a respectful and tender letter to Lady Norfolk, acknowledging her and her Lord's goodness to an unhappy orphan, and telling her that in three days I would be ready to throw myself at their feet.

I parted with Mrs. Adams and the amiable Mr. Warley with a fullness and grief of heart which no words can describe, and took my seat in the carriage by a stern and bold-looking woman, whom Lady Norfolk had sent to accompany me down to Huntingdonshire.

When

When we were got off the stones of London, I looked back, as if to bid adieu to my ever-dear Jennet, whom I had left behind—the road, too, which I travelled, reminded me of her and my guardian momentarily.

My companion was on the whole very silent; but she seemed to read my soul—her eyes were never out of my face, and once she muttered, as we got out to take some refreshment on the road, “Faith you are twenty times prettier than my Lady, even when she was in the bloom of youth; and a hundred times more so than she thinks.” I regarded not, this however, and pretended not to have heard it.

As we drew near to Norfolk-Castle, who can relate my agonies!—“Ah! my God!” exclaimed I, forgetting the attendant—“ah! my God! it was *here*,

it

it was the very place, my dear, dear mother first saw the object of her love—it was here that my guardian, that Jennet, first pointed out to me that *that* was Norfolk-Castle—it was in that park I fainted—'twas there Lady Norfolk beheld me with horror and disdain.” I clasped my hands together—I wrung them in the deepest sorrow—I breathed a wish, that I was disencumbered of this mortal clay, and in the society of those blessed spirits who, I doubted not, were looking on me with compassion—I named them severally—my father—my mother—my guardian—my dear Jennet—and to each loved appellation I dropped the tribute of a tear. The woman who was with me awakened me to reason by asking, in a cool, sarcastic manner, “ *Whether travelling was apt to give me a fever?*”

I told

I told her, if she supposed me delirious, she was mistaken—but that, indeed, I had lately experienced sorrow sufficient to turn the brain even of a stoic—‘however, Madam,’ continued I, ‘I make no complaint—I hope I am going to be happier under the wing of Lady Norfolk than I have been ever since the death of my guardian.’

The insolent, unfeeling creature smiled, but did not think it worth her while to reply to this speech.

When I arrived at the castle, Lord Norfolk hurried to the coach-door, and presented me with his hand—“Welcome!” cried he, “welcome! my dear niece!—your aunt waits with impatience to see you.” I would have thrown myself on my knees before him, but he prevented me; and, clasping his arms around me, he seemed already to feel a tenderness

tenderness for one who only could have expected from him compassion. He led me through many magnificent rooms before we reached that in which Lady Norfolk lay reclined on a sofa. Her dress had something so negligent and so elegant in it, that, had I known her then, as I do now, I should not have had a doubt of her expecting other visitors besides her *poor niece* that evening. As I entered with a low and respectful curtesy, she just nodded her head; and when I approached her *throne*, and threw myself at her feet, begging of her to accept my thanks for her humane and generous patronage, she vouchsafed to say, "You may rise, and sit down." I obeyed her. In truth I wanted support, and my limbs almost denied their office. "Take off her hat and cloak," said she to one of her female attendants. I saved the woman the trouble. "Stand up," cried the unfeeling

unfeeling Lady Norfolk, “and let me see this *celebrated figure*.” I did as I was desired. She laughed superciliously—“You think yourself very handsome, Miss Eliza—don’t you?” “Ah! Madam, replied I, kneeling, and catching hold of one of her hands, which I bathed with my tears, ‘I have no beauty—I wish for none—Look into my heart—could you but read the sentiments of that, you would find my gratitude more worthy your observation.’” “Prettily said, I vow,” exclaimed she—“some one has told you, I suppose, that these heroics become you.” I was hurt—I was shocked beyond description. Lord Norfolk hastened and raised me from the humiliating posture I had thrown myself into—“Charming Eliza!” cried he, “you are fatigued—Would you not prefer retiring to bed instead of staying supper?—Something warm, some sack-whey, I will

will refresh you——and your feverish look makes me apprehend that it will be prejudicial as well as disagreeable to you to sit up longer.” I bowed assent——my tears choaked my voice. “No,” said her Ladyship, “she must stay supper——why surely she is not *now* so delicate!” I felt the sharpness of that expression——and, my Lord, I wished myself even poorer than ever, and painting fan-mounts. Lord Norfolk endeavoured to turn it off, by remarking, *that my aunt was always selfish*. Poor man! his heart was good——but a little exertion of spirit would have been much better for himself, his Lady, and me.

At supper a very large party of both sexes were assembled. I was in a *debâille*, which Lord Norfolk excused, by telling them *I was a traveller*. He presented me to every individual, by

the title of Miss Warwick, *his niece*; and many compliments were paid me which I am sure I by no means merited. I begged leave to sit at table by Lord Norfolk—he immediately took me by the hand, and placed me next him. We were not long at supper, when a beautiful young man entered, and, after making some confused apologies for his late appearance, seated himself at the lower end of the table. We happened to be just opposite to each other. My Lord whispered me, that *that* was a cousin of mine, and his only son. Lord Westbrook seemed struck with my appearance—he could not remove his eyes from my face. Lady Norfolk, observing it, asked him, whether he intended to sup, or to *stargaze* all night? The youth blushed—but replied, with a grace, *That if such a phenomenon was often exhibited, he could, “forget to eat, and live by gazing.”* This occasioned
much

much wit from the company, but brought down upon me some bitterness from his mother.

When the cloth was removed, a gentleman whom Lady Norfolk seemed to admire much, and who was placed next her, observed, in a loud whisper, that I strongly resembled her Ladyship. My aunt appeared pleased with the speech, (for age would ever be thought to look like youth,) and laughingly replied, *she hoped her eyes had somewhat more fire in them.* Her admirer, however, chose to mortify her, by saying, “Faith! Madam, if yours have so much, your Ladyship must be more destructive than I have ever found you.” “Insolence!” retorted Lady Norfolk, and cast on me a look of indignation and anger—At that moment, indeed, no one could have denied but that her eyes had more fire in them than sweet-

ness. The ladies arose—Lady Norfolk spoke to an attendant, and desired me to follow her—I obeyed, and I was conducted to the apartment allotted for me.

Here, my Lord, I dismissed the servant ; and, prostrating myself, I poured forth my sorrows into the bosom of my God—I besought him to strengthen my mind and heart to endure the trials he was pleased to send me—I prayed for resignation to his will, and for comfort in my affliction. My soul was somewhat relieved by this fervent supplication. I got up, and threw myself on my bed. What a night did I pass ! Often would I say, “ In this house how happy has my mother been ! and, ah ! how miserable also ! ” Then their dear forms (my father’s and my mother’s) would rush on my idea ; and the picture of my mother which hung
about

about my neck, was kissed, and bathed with my tears.

The next morning I arose very early, and, dressing myself in a neat elegant *de/shabille*, though with a heavy heart, I stole softly into the garden, in order to try whether the air would not remove from me a head-ach, which anxiety, and a wretched night, had inflicted on me. I had not walked long, when I beheld Lord Westbrook turn out of an alley; and, before I could avoid him, he met me so suddenly, and so nearly, that it was impossible for me to retreat. He was surprised at the *rencontre*—he seemed to be awakened from deep meditation. I apologized for the interruption, and was proceeding, when he caught hold of my hand—

“ Stay, Madam,” cried the amiable young noblemen—“ I have been meditating,

ditating, 'tis true—but will you pardon me, if I say you have been the subject of those meditations ?” I expressed my amazement, and asked *how one of whom he knew so little could for a moment employ his thoughts ?* “ I have seen you but lately, I own,” replied he, “ but my father has frequently described your charming person to me ; and he the other day informed me of the whole of your story—Ah ! my amiable cousin, I fear you will not be much happier here than you have been——Lady Norfolk execrates the memory of my unfortunate aunt—and her daughter’s admirable deportment can make, I fear, but little impression on a heart so prejudiced against her parents.

I have not slept all night—I threw myself on my bed ; indeed ; but it afforded me no rest—the reflections of what your sensibility must have suffered,

ed, on your entrance into this house, and the fear of what you have still to endure from Lady Norfolk's pride and implacability, have made me too unhappy to have allowed me to taste peace since I have beheld you." ' Good God !' cried I, with emotion, ' what will become of the wretched Eliza !' A flood of tears prevented my saying more. Lord Westbrook seemed not less affected ; but he intreated me to make myself as easy as possible—" and if," said he, " things are as bad as I apprehend they will be, Lord Norfolk and I shall think of some happier asylum for so much gentleness and virtue." As he spoke those words, he pressed my hand to his lips, and viewed me with a degree of tenderness and compassion which gave me comfort. I thanked him for his goodness ; and he advised me to retire to the house, lest we should be seen together. I follow-

ed his direction, and went to my own apartment.

Some hours after, the woman who had been sent for me to town came in, and desired me to accompany her to her Lady's dressing-room. As soon as we entered it, Lady Norfolk arose from her toilet, and, viewing me stedfastly from head to foot, she called out, "You think, no doubt, Miss Eliza, that *that* pretty face of yours, and that fine person, will entrap *my son*, or some gentleman more to your *gout* than Mr. Warley; but I have sent for you, to give you a caution of endeavouring to expose *those charms* to such a purpose.

I know not what company we shall have to-day; but if it is made up of the young and thoughtless of the other sex, for their sakes, as well as your own, you shall not appear——no more Sir
Charles

Charles Beauforts, if you please, Madam." 'Ah! my Lady,' returned I, 'you know but little of me, if you imagine society has any charms for me——No! cried I, with an emotion of agony——' when I was made sensible that I had lost my honour, my only desire was to retire from the eyes of a busy world——Under your protection, Madam, I shall be safe—I wish to see only those whom you approve of——As for the hope of conquest, Heaven can witness for me, I desire it not——nor is there a man in the world whom I would marry——Fear no imprudencies from me——and do not reproach me with the greatest misfortune of my life.'

A violent burst of grief put an end to my words. "No more girl," said she, "no more—I hope you will be prudent but what are you crying for?—I did not offend you, I suppose, by giving you a

little friendly caution." I could not speak—but taking hold of her hand, I kissed it respectfully. "Well, well," said she, "I believe you will be a good girl. You are fond of drawing, and you paint well, I hear—here, try your skill upon this," giving me a miniature of herself—"take a copy of that picture, and, if you execute it well, I will reward you for it." I told her, if I could on any occasion oblige her, that *thought* would be a sufficient *reward*. I took from her the miniature, and she gave me the key of a small library which had belonged to a daughter of hers she had lately lost, saying, *I should find conveniences there for amusing myself either in reading, writing, drawing, or painting*. I expressed many acknowledgments for her kindness, I and was going to seek this charming room, when her Ladyship desired the same woman to conduct me to it. I tripped after her with
a lighter

a lighter heart than I had followed her before.

As we passed through a gallery leading to the library, we were met by Sir George Williams, who had remarked the night before my likeness to Lady Norfolk. He smiled confidently in my face, and endeavoured to catch my hand; but I soon repulsed his forwardness by a certain look of *hauteur*, which if women were used on similar occasions to assume, they would soon awe such wretches into bashfulness. He made way for me directly, with an obsequious bow, and an air of confusion. My bold attendant remarked this scene; and, with a sneering, supercilious tone, asked me if *I thought Sir George Williams was as fine a gentleman as the Mr. Warley she had take leave of me in London?* I answered her only by an aspect of contempt,

tempt, and desired her to lead on to the room I wanted to see.

The library was situated delightfully—it commanded a view of the park and gardens—and the books in it were delicately chosen——none but by the best authors. I had not long been seated there, when I received an order from Lady Norfolk to breakfast up stairs; and accordingly chocolate and tea were brought to the library. Lord Norfolk came to the door soon after, and begged admittance. I hastily flew to it; and, falling on my knees, I attempted to pour forth my gratitude for his goodness to an helpless orphan: but he would not suffer me to dwell on the subject; and raising me from my knees, he led me to a chair, and drew one himself near mine. He inquired about my health—spoke of my fatigue—and, at length, brought on the subject of Sir Charles

Charles Beaufort's behaviour to me. I expatiated more on his repentance than his guilt, and I perceived that Lord Norfolk wished a reconciliation to take place between us ; but I expressed so much horror at the thought, as silenced him for ever on that topic. He hinted to me, that *Lady Norfolk had many peculiarities*—that *he feared I should find it difficult to accede to most of them*—*there was nothing on the earth, he said, would give him greater pleasure than to make my life easy if he could not make it happy*—and, at the same time, he presented me with notes for two hundred pounds, which he prayed my acceptance of, and desired me to make him my banker—that he would receive with joy my draughts, and pay them with punctuality. My heart overflowed with tenderness, and acknowledgement, for his humane, his generous behaviour ; and I thanked him more with tears than words. After
wiping

wiping with his own handkerchief my eyes, he asked *whether I would not give them the pleasure of my company in the breakfasting-parlour?* I excused myself from going down, and he left me more reconciled to my situation than I had reason to apprehend I should have been.

Sir George Williams, however, gave me no rest; he was constantly under my window, or keeping sentry at my door, in hopes of speaking to me: but, as I judged of his intent, I shunned him; and when by accident I met him, I always received his fine speeches with the most discouraging reserve I could assume. If he dined at the castle, I was not suffered to leave my room; if only a family parted assembled, Lady Norfolk would vouchsafe to let me eat at the same table with her. At such times Lord Westbrook's eyes spoke "unutterable things," and I was sorry
to

to perceive that he loved me with ardour.

One day, when Lady Norfolk was with me in the library, the sash of a window was open, and we perceived a paper thrown into it from the garden. Lady Norfolk ran and took it up——“What is this?” cried she, “what is this?” her eyes darted fire at the same moment. I answered, with conscious innocence, ‘I know not,’ my Lady; but I suppose it might have fallen in there not from design, by accident.’ “Aye, aye!” returned she; “well, Miss, we will see”—and she broke open the letter, for such it proved. Ah! my Lord, I can never describe her rage, when she perceived the writing and name of Sir George Williams. It contained a declaration of love for me, a lamentation of my being so confined, which he imputed to envy and jealousy merely, as it
was

was well known (he said) that my charms were irresistible, and that no woman's could be compared to them, but she must seem a foil (however lovely out of my sight) when I appeared. He avowed his being struck with me from the first moment he beheld me in my travelling-dress; and concluded by wishing, since Lady Norfolk would not allow him a sight of me after that first interview, she had spared him from seeing me at all.

“ Fool that I was, indeed !” exclaimed her Ladyship, forgetting that I heard her—“ Ah ! I little imagined the witch was so handsome !” Recollecting who was present, she cried, “ But I will be revenged—Yes, you are Lady Eliza Darcy's own daughter, I am well convinced—you artful, intriguing, vile creature !”—What expressions !—I was terrified to death at her look and manner

ner—I endeavoured to exculpate myself—I offered to confront Sir George Williams, and to appeal to his honour whether he had ever received encouragement from me—but nothing could pacify her—and she at length quitted the room in the most extravagant rage.—I am sorry, my Lord, to be obliged to expose the faults and follies of a woman whom Nature intended I should respect—nor would her cruel behaviour to my mother, or me, have made me expose them, had it not been impossible, in the course of this history, to screen them from your eyes. When Lady Norfolk left me, my griefs burst forth afresh—in truth, I was almost worn out by them—my heart, so long accustomed to sorrows and alarms, was now, instead of becoming callous, rendered weaker every day my nerves were all unstrung—and I had neither health nor spirits to support

port me under the various conflicts I endured.

When I collected reason enough to reflect on what was best to be done, I hastened down to Lord Norfolk's study. He admitted me; and, seeing me violently agitated, he kindly soothed and encouraged me to tell him all that had passed to afflict me in the way I was in. He was shocked at his wife's behaviour, which I cloaked up as well as I could; and bidding me to compose myself, and not suffer such a trifle to affect me, he left me, to seek Sir George Williams. What passed between them I know not, but Lady Norfolk soon after appeared satisfied of my being innocent, and I never heard more from the troublesome Baronet.

I led, however, a miserable life——
My constant fears of this vain, passion-
ate.

ate woman—my dread of her son's increasing passion—the insolence of her female attendants—and, lastly, the state of wretched dependence I seemed to live in—increased my detestation of my existence, and threw me almost into despair.

In about two months after my residence at Norfolk-castle, (during which time I heard punctually from Mr. Warley,) a packet was brought up in haste, and I was told that a man on horseback had been sent post with it. I was surprised—but, retiring with it to the library, I determined immediately to satisfy my curiosity. I attempted to break the seal once or twice—but a fatal foreboding still kept me irresolute—yet I thought nothing *could* happen to me which I should dread to hear—and, in spite of my feelings, I opened the letter. Judge, my Lord, of my horror
and

and grief when I perused the following lines :

“ To Miss WARWICK.

“ AH ! lovely Eliza ! will you forgive me, when you learn that Sir Charles Beaufort is no more——and that he dies by the hand of Warley ? He now lies expiring before me—and a few minutes will convey him to that awful tribunal from whence there is no appeal— — — Warley—wretched, despairing Warley ! not only sends him thither, with all his sins upon his head——but, by this one stroke, he forfeits for ever the esteem of the woman his fond soul doats on——Oh ! Miss Warwick, think me not a murderer !—
— — — — —

“ Your

“ Your heart has never been alienated from Beaufort—your eyes have told me so at the moment you pronounced his doom to be irrevocable——yet you loved him——and, ah ! what a wretch, what an abhorred wretch, must I now appear to your affrighted imagination !

* * * * *

“ I sat down in hopes of exculpating myself in some measure——but, alas ; I am all distraction—his groans—his dying groans——ah ! they tear my soul——and every pang I give him I think you feel through sympathy. There lies, I cry, the man whom Eliza Warwick preferred to every other—and, for *that* reason, that I have deprived of life——Ah ! miserable, unhappy Warley !

* * * * *

“ The

“ The unfortunate victim of my resentment has called for pen, ink, and paper—he means in these last moments to address his much injured Eliza. He will implore your pardon—you will shed tears of sorrow to think of your cruelty—but you will execrate for ever the man who revenged a cause which you trusted alone to Heaven—It was not a time to have exacted from him satisfaction for his crimes—ah ! he was a penitent—a sincere, suffering penitent—but I will endeavour to recollect myself, and give you a faithful detail of this unhappy quarrel.

“ Last night, my ill fate led me to a certain fashionable club, rather more inebriated than I should be willing to acknowledge on any other occasion. The first person I saw, on entering it, was Col. Middleton, who, taking me by the arm, led me to a room wherein Lord
1 Stamford,

Stamford, Mr. Lawson, Sir James Millmant, and Cap. Hartdal, were over some claret. I was in spirits; and every man there, except Middleton, had taken a sufficiency of wine to suffer him to say any thing that occurred without reflection, either before or after it was expressed. I joined the Bacchanalian society, and drank to the healths of some of the finest women in Europe. When my toast was called for——
“Here,” cried I, with a degree of extacy I always feel when about to speak of you——“here, then, I will give you the greatest beauty, and most accomplished creature, that England, or any other kingdom, can boast of producing”——I was attended to with eagerness——
“Here,” continued I, “is Miss Warwick.” Sir James Millmant started at the sound, and, clasping his hands with fervour, exclaimed, “Oh Eliza! never never, shall I forget thy sweet innocence
and

and loveliness!"—He dropped on one knee and drank you in a bumper. Lord Stamford followed his example, as did every one present; and, when your name was pronounced, every heart seemed as much prostrated to pay it homage as were our persons. Soon after, Col. Middleton asked me, if I had been successful in my search to find you? I put on an air of *nonchalance*, and demanded, *whether 'twas to me he spoke?* He patiently repeated his question. I then told him, *it did not concern him or any one else, whether I had or not*——but by my manner I gave him every reason to suppose I had, and had met with a reception as highly flattering as indeed it was. "Oh ho!" cried Middleton, "you are lucky, and she has been less cruel to you than to others, no doubt!—Pray, Warley, upon what footing do you stand?" My choler arose—I perceived he hinted at a connection

nection which my love for you never could urge, and even for thinking of which your angelic purity would for ever have abhorred me.

“ I desired him to part with that sarcastic grin with which he then spoke of you, put on perhaps for humour, but which indeed, rendered him as odious as it exalted you——“ As for the footing on which I stand with her,” said I, “ I will own, it is that of a lover——she knows I adore her——and I have made her an offer both of my hand and fortune—an offer that were she to accept would make me the most blessed, the most envied of my sex.” “ And will she accept it ?” cried the cool Middleton. “ No matter,” returned I ; “ time will discover all.”

‘ By Heaven ! I will not wait for its discovery,’ exclaimed a man, who at
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that instant rushed into the room. I turned about, and found it was Sir Charles Beaufort, who had, on being informed that I was coming in with Col. Middleton, retired to an adjoining chamber, hoping that the ingenuity of his friends would have torn from me the secret of your residence. I had been expected there, it seems; as that club was my usual haunt about eleven at night; and this scheme was proposed by all present. Sir James Millmant entered into it with a design of serving you alone, as he declared to the whole party, and to me a thousand times since; that he judged it would be happier for you, were you to forgive Beaufort, after this trial of his constancy, and receive him once more to your favour.

“ At the sight of Sir Charles Beaufort, my heart almost leaped out of my bosom with desire to tear his panting
from

from its seat—and I should have thought myself at that moment in a state of felicity, could I have beheld him gasping at my feet. “Who are you?” cried I, with a tone of contempt and passion, (which my brave adversary would not brook)—“Who are you, that thus dare to intrude into the presence of men *of honour*?” ‘I am,’ replied he, ‘one that will chastise your insolence, and teach you more respect.’ “Teach it to me now,” answered I, hitting him a blow on the face. Sir Charles returned it with violence—and the gentlemen interposed. We had now gone too far to recede—the indignity I had received, though justly, stuck in my throat—and, desiring Sir Charles to meet me the next morning in Hyde Park, I was about to leave the company. ‘Hold, Sir,’ cried Beaufort, ‘our honour, our courage, demand that one of us should die—I have

had a blow, which, by Heaven, I would not take calmly from the first monarch in the world——however, Sir, we will meet to-morrow, as you appoint—but let us live like friends this night—Stay with us—we will call for more wine—and let me talk with you on a subject near my heart—let me talk of my adorable Eliza!’ “No,” returned I, “you shall not contaminate so pure a subject with your breath—Be it sufficient that I tell you she is not in London——she is out of your reach for ever.” ‘Damned, damned Warley!’ exclaimed the afflicted Beaufort, with a passion of grief not to be expressed. I offered to go, when he laid hold of my arm—‘By the hereafter one of us will soon enter into, I conjure thee to tell me whether she has given thee encouragement?’ I broke from him, and left the house.

This

“ This morning I sent for a lawyer: my will was drawn up ; and I bequeathed you every thing I had, which was worth your acceptance, in case fortune favoured my rival. Millinant came much agitated to me immediately after, and offered to be by second. I agreed to it ; and we went forth to meet our adversaries.

“ We found Sir Charles and Col. Middleton there before us—and, after the usual salutations, we prepared for the rencontre. Beaufort, however, on our unsheathing our swords, advanced, and took me by the hand——

‘ Now, Warley,’ said he, ‘ one of us must fall,—I will not be content unless it is the case—but, ere it be too late, do me the favour to say, whether Eliza has listened to the addresses of any man since her refusal of me ?—I shall die in

peace, if I can be convinced she has not—And though you have grossly injured me, yet, as I am going to take satisfaction by arms, I would not refuse you such a consolation in your dying moments.’ “ Suppose I was to tell you she had ?” cried I, with unheard of barbarity. ‘ Then,’ replied he, in an agony, ‘ I have injured her sufficiently—and my sword should be turned from yours to my own heart—Go, go, Warley, and be happy—she will make you supremely so—Fear not but I will revenge upon myself the blow I took from you, and the one I dealt you—Adieu!’ He was actually going—but I caught hold of him—“ No, Beaufort, upon my sacred honour, she has refused those offers I talked of last night—and she never will marry, she affirms, as long as she has life.” ‘ While *I have life*, you mean,’ returned he—‘ I thank
you,

you, Mr. Warley—and now for vengeance.’ We fought—Sir Charles fought rather his own destruction than mine—and on my telling him he treated me like a boy, he threw himself, when I was not aware of it, with violence on the point of my sword, and fell a voluntary victim to love and jealousy.

“ We had him conveyed directly to his own house ; from whence I have not stirred ; nor will I until he has breathed his last. He will see none but me and Col. Middleton ; and the affair is yet a secret. He continually presses my hand, and says,

‘ I thank thee dear Warley !—I was tired of life,—She whom I love will reward you for having rid her of a monster—I trust *this* will expiate for all my offences towards her. Ah ! my Eliza !

G 4

pardon

pardon, pardon the wretched—the guilty Warley !

* * * * *

“ Beaufort has given me a letter to inclose to you—he has fallen into a soft sleep—I will go and watch by his bedside.

* * * * *

“ His starts are frequent—he is quite delirious. He awoke just now, and, opened his curtains with a violence which made his wounds bleed afresh, he exclaimed, ‘ ’Tis she!—tread lighter——my wife will not hear you——Eliza ! Eliza ! surely you will not leave me already !—Look—look there!—she glides out of that door—She is gone.’ He clasped his hands together with fervour. “ Who is gone, dear

dear Beaufort ?” asked I. He replied,
‘ Yes, yes, *she is gone, and never to return*—
—dear, blessed, angelic sweetness !
He sunk, and fainted. Oh ! my ill-fa-
ted hand !

* * * * *

“ Now, my dear Miss Warwick !
now are my heart-strings bursting—
Oh ! be calm—be composed—speak com-
fort to my soul—Alas ! you must stand
in need of it yourself. I am about to
set off for Dover, from whence I expect
to arrive in France in a few hours. I
intended not to mention the unfortu-
nate Beaufort—but I can think—I can
write of nothing else—He died in my
arms, an hour ago, imploring the par-
don of God, and his Eliza—He is gone
——ah ! Miss Warwick, he is gone
for ever—and the miserable author of
his death is doomed to wander, like a

second Cain, accused and deserted by those whom most he loves. Pity, for Heaven's sake, pity my distraction!

“I inclose poor Beaufort's letter——
Read, and lament—but abhor not

“The unhappy

“WARLEY.”

“To Miss WARWICK.

“Now, Madam, have I more courage to address you than when I appeared before you a suppliant for your love—I then laboured under the idea of having injured you irreparably, though I offered all the recompence in my power—but now the case is different——your rigid virtue will be appeased, when you hear that my death is the price of its vengeance;
and

and your happiness compleat, when you are informed I die by the hand of a more favoured, more honoured rival. Delay not his happiness—crown amply every wish of his heart—and spare not your thanks to him for having delivered you from a tormentor——Such is Beaufort considered by you—the once loved, the once too happy Beaufort !

“ *Now*, I say, do I address you with more confidence, since it is not for your love I am going to petition—In a few, a very few hours, I shall be ranked amongst the dead——then shall I be alike insensible to the tenderness or disdain even of Eliza Warwick !——No, charming—no, inexorable Eliza !—I shall never again trouble you with my odious passion—But let me hope, that you will not execrate my memory—that you will not abhor the wretched man who causes your calamity——For-

give and pity me now that I cannot again offend—and reflect, that if I, by the blackest deceit, robbed you of your honour, (your virtue is still immaculate,) I died to restore it——In the arms of Warley it will receive new lustre—and may you be happier than ever the halcyon prospects of love that now salute your eyes can promise you ! Oh ! blest—oh ! loveliest, purest of women ! adieu!——Had I time, I would write on——I would, in spite of all, repeat again my adoration of you——Perhaps you may weep—O God ! would Eliza weep for me ?—for Beaufort—who has injured her ?—Ah ! if you have one tender sentiment yet remaining, by all our past love, I conjure thee, banish it not from thy bosom——Oh ! could I live to tell thee—but it is too late——My pangs are intolerable——my head swims—the light itself is exiled from my eyes.

I have

“ I have recovered from the faintness which had seized me—I return to the only object in the world my soul regrets to leave—Eliza ! I saw thee in a dream—Ah ! it was but a dream—for you were kind—you listened to my love—your eyes danced with pleasure—and your whole form wore the aspect of gaiety and delight. I awoke transported—I opened my arms to receive thee——Ah ! it was but a phantom to delude my imagination. I slept soon after, and I again beheld thee ; but, alas ! how changed !—you were melancholy itself—yet a patient resignation adorned your lovely brow.

“ You approached, and took me by the hand—‘ Beaufort,’ you cried, in that sweet accent which still vibrates on my dying ear, ‘ how long is it since that fatal day we parted in Derbyshire ! I have not known one moment’s peace
since

since then—nor shall I, until we meet in Heaven. You are going, Beaufort—you will soon die—I will pray for thee,—and you wept. I kissed off the tears that abundantly flowed down thy cheeks, and I embraced with ardour thy beauteous person—“ Now,” cried I, awaking, “ now am I at length happy”—but, turning to speak to thee, I beheld that I had clasped my pillow, and that my angelic Eliza had left me for ever.

“ Most loved, most honoured, most adored Eliza! *now* must thy Beaufort bid thee an eternal adieu!—My wounds bleed—they give me anguish—but, oh! what pains can equal the thought of beholding thee no more!—My senses fail me—my heart expires—and now, dear, dear Eliza! save me!”— —

When

When I had perused Mr. Warley's letter—what can I say, my Lord?—ah! how can I give you an idea of my horror! My thoughts were dark, were wild, confused—"He is dead," I cried—"Warley, thou art no murderer—It is I—it is I alone, who have destroyed him." I held Sir Charles's letter in my hand—I feared to open it—I kissed the cover—I put it into my bosom—Not a tear came to my relief—not a sigh broke forth—yet, my Lord, I was miserable—His lovely form occurred to me—his love—his seducing smile—his tenderness—all, all rushed at once into my mind.

"Cruel Fortune!" exclaimed I, "malignant stars! what have you have not brought upon me! what new affliction have you yet in store!—No," continued I, "it is impossible—it is all spent now—your quivers are emptied—nor
is

is there one event on earth that can even discompose me——my devoted head has been uncovered to the pitiless storm of your resentment—not another blast that you can send can effect it—my heart is broken——my spirits fail me——Come forth,” cried I, taking his letter from my bosom——“come forth——perhaps there’s comfort in this.” I read it—Nature sickened at this last shock—it could not stand this last proof of his love—even my proud delicacy, which had borne up so long against his tenderness, now failed me—and I sunk lifeless in my chair.

When I recovered, I found myself supported by Lord Westbrook. His tears fell at my distress, and his grief seemed not inferior to mine. He inquired the cause of my sorrow? I held up the fatal letter. He took it from me and

and turned aside to conceal his emotions. At that instant Lady Norfolk entered the room——Her rage was visible at beholding me alone with her son——She reproached me with arts I possessed not——she upbraided me with inclinations I did not feel——She concluded with insisting to see the letters I had received, and the answers I was about to return by the servant who waited for them.

“ Alas ! Madam,” cried I, “ you need not heap fresh oppressions on a poor wretch hardly able to endure those she already groans under——I feel no tenderness for any man *now* living (and I wept)——but for Lord Westbrook I will profess a friendship——As for the packet I have received, here it is——I mean not, Madam, to conceal from your Ladyship the event which is there related——an event which, though it highly

highly affects me, can by no means interest *my aunt*."

Lady Norfolk took the letters, and with Lord Westbrook retired from the library. When they were gone, I reflected on the various torrents of misfortune which I had stemmed—I lifted up my heart in thanksgiving to that Almighty Power who had ordained me a life of suffering—I lamented that I had not fortitude, that I had not resignation, to combat with the sorrows of this world—yet still I thanked him for having sent me those trials and afflictions, which were intended to prepare me for a better—"Ah!" said I, "my God, make the burthen of my griefs fit lightly *now* as possible, if it please thee to do so—my heart faints under its oppressive weight—and Nature droops at the idea of new misfortunes—Spare me, oh! most merciful Judge;
for,

for, behold, I am thy servant, and supplicate thy clemency,"

I arose, took up my pen, and wrote the following lines to Mr. Warley:

“ To MR. WARLEY.

“ ’Tis true, Sir, I loved him—He is now no more—and even faults (considering the motive which gave rise to them) become dear to me—Yet you are not his murderer—I have been the cause of his grief, his despair, and his death.—I would comfort you—but, alas! despair and wretchedness alone inhabit the bosom of

“ ELIZA WARWICK.”

Lady Norfolk soon after returned with my mournful packet, and I presented

sent her with my answer to Mr. Warley. This unfeeling woman, my Lord—but I will spare her conversation—I will refrain from discovering to a heart like yours the treatment I underwent from her, even whilst she saw me absorbed in misery. From that day my residence at Norfolk-castle was embittered by the cruellest language, the most mortifying deportment, from her Ladyship; and I was determined to leave her house, though gaining my livelihood by the hardest labour should be the consequence.

One day I was walking in that wood where my mother first beheld the object of her love, when I saw a young and charming lady beckon to me from a secret part of it. I flew towards her—joy impelled my steps—and yet I could assign no reason for it. As I approached the tree under which she stood, she
reached

reached forth her hand to receive mine, and, turning with me into a thicket, we seated ourselves on the verdant turf; and, in a sweet and compassionate voice, she thus addressed me :

“ I am no stranger, Madam, to your history, nor to the unkind treatment you receive from one who should be a parent and sympathizing friend to you — Lady Norfolk’s character, however, is too well known, to teach any one not to expect from her a contrary behaviour towards a woman more beautiful and more accomplished than herself. My name is Powis—I am a near neighbour of this Lady’s—and the amiable Lord Westbrook has encouraged me to speak to you on a subject that so nearly concerns you, and to make you a proposal, which your acceptance of must render you as happy as it will my friend Lady Huntley.” I thanked her
for

for so much goodness, and in tears besought her to favour me with what she had to propose.

“ Lady Huntley,” replied she, “ was on a visit, some time ago, at my father’s—She heard of your youth, your beauty, and your misfortunes—She desired me, if I could obtain a sight of you, to offer you her house as an asylum, her friendship for your protection. She knew your charming mother—they were intimate companions in their infancy, and dearly loved each other. As they grew up, that intimacy would have subsisted, but that Lady Huntley spent the greatest part of her life abroad; her health, which was precarious, made her residence in the south of France, and at Naples, absolutely necessary. She lost, some months since, a fine young daughter; and she thinks, if you would do her the favour of living with her, she should, in the company

pany of one so sensible and amiable, forget her misfortune.

Her only son is now abroad upon his travels—he is not expected in England very soon—and in the mean while Lady Huntley is sacrificed to grief and melancholy. I have long wished to have an opportunity of speaking to you on this topic; and as Lord Westbrook informed me that yonder grove was a favourite haunt of yours, I have planted myself near it for some time unobserved, and have at length been so happy as to gain the favour of your attention.”

My gratitude to this fair stranger exceeded the bounds of expression, and I could only testify it by my tears and broken exclamations. She bade me to reflect on all she had said, and to meet her the following day in the same place.

seeing me, with respect; and several of them exclaimed *that I was beautiful*. “Pho! pho!” cried my kind aunt, “you cannot see a tolerable-looking creature, but you endeavour to turn her head with a notion of her being handsome——Begone to your room, Miss!” darting at me a look of indignation. I was retiring fast, when Lord Belville caught hold of my hand——“No, Madam,” said he to Lady Norfolk, “Miss Warwick is much too charming, as well as too amiable, to be thus secluded from the world——Your Ladyship forgets, perhaps, that she is your niece, but we cannot so easily part with the idea of her being the loveliest star that has ever shone amongst us.”

I disengaged my hand from his Lordship; and pleading, as a wish for my return to the house, my having

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taken a long walk, he obligingly assented to it, with an assurance of his regret, and a low bow. After I left them, I believe I was spoken of with some degree of kindness by the men; for, when they were gone, Lady Norfolk came into the library, and descended to absolute abuse. She said I was always putting myself in the way of being noticed by the other sex; but that, indeed, if I was so ungrateful as to requite her favours by endeavouring to inveigle her son into a connection with me—a scheme it was evident I meditated—she could not expect, but that imprudence (not to use a harsher word) would ever mark my character. She assured me, she should never think of keeping a beggar's brat, because THAT BEGGAR had been her sister—that I was so incorrigible, she was absolutely sick and tired of throwing away so much good advice upon me.

I fell

I fell at her feet, and thanked her for the charity she had exerted in my behalf——begged her, however, to be convinced that I meant not to see any man, when the fineness of the day, and my love of meditation, induced me to visit the grove——“ Spare, then, my Lady,” cried I, “ my character—I will not trespass further on your goodness—the *beggar’s brat* you speak of is too proud to be more indebted to you—and I will leave your Ladyship’s house with a grateful heart for the many favours you have conferred on me.” She flung out of the room in a rage.

That very day I received a packet, directed to me, in Sir Charles Beaufort’s hand-writing. It came from one of his executors, who had unavoidably detained it till he could learn my place of residence. It was a bequest of a thousand a year during my life—his picture—the

watch and trinkets Mrs. Morris had taken to him—the former of which I had hoped she had sold, and given him the money she had received for it—But now, I will own, I did not regret this last deceit of hers—Sir Charles knew the sincerity of my intentions—and, without its being disposed of, I regained the present of my guardian which most I valued.

I was much affected by the kindness and generosity of Beaufort—I could now accept of this settlement, since no selfish motive could have resulted from his obliging me—I wept over the last tribute of his affection—I wished I could recal him to life—though, had he lived, my Lord, to this present moment, my delicacy would have started at the thought of admitting him again as a lover.

Lady

Lady Norfolk's behaviour to me altered visibly after her knowledge of this change in my situation—I was her *niece* at every second word—and the *beggarly brat* existed no longer. Still her aversion to me was unconquerable—and I saw through all her endeavours to conceal it.

I met Miss Powis as we had appointed—She rejoiced in my newly-acquired fortune, and proposed that I should accept an invitation she would make me, to spend some days at her house, and *that* before Lady Norfolk—That, after I was with her, she would write to tell Lady Huntley all that had happened; and that, if she pleased, Miss Powis and I would wait upon her at Elmswood.

Every thing was done accordingly, and Lady Norfolk objected not to my accompanying my kind friend to Sir

H 3

Harry

Harry Powis's seat, which was at a small distance from Norfolk-castle. I was above deceit, however; and, just before I stepped into Miss Powis's chaise, I begged leave to say a few words in private to her Ladyship. She gave me the desired *audience*, and I thus addressed her:

“ I have many thanks to offer you, Madam, for the protection you have afforded me——Your late behaviour, though, has convinced me that I am more an incumbrance to you than any thing else—and as Lady Huntley has done me the honour of asking me to spend some time with her, and as I am sensible it will be better for me to reside with some lady whose amiable character will shield me against insult, than to live by myself, where the eyes of a malicious world will be prying into my recesses, and calumniating the most innocent

innocent actions, I have accepted her kind invitation, and mean to return no more, as a resident, to Norfolk-castle. I intreat, however, your Ladyship to believe, I shall ever retain a just sense of your favours towards me." She would have spoken, but shame and vexation tied her tongue; I therefore took the opportunity of giving her a short embrace, and quitted her presence with more pleasure than ever I had entered it.

Lord Norfolk and Lord Westbrook, who had been in the secret, took leave of me with swollen hearts. Lord Westbrook, as he handed me to the carriage, put a letter into my hand—"Do me the favour," cried he, "to read this, and I will go for your answer to-morrow." I received it from him, not suspecting that it was a declaration of love, and put it in my pocket. When we

H 4

arrived

arrived at Powis-hall, I was received most courteously by Sir Harry Powis, whose reverend figure and exalted character I need not say any thing of to your Lordship ; your admiration of and esteem for him having commenced at a much earlier period than did my acquaintance with him. In Miss Powis I experienced a faithful friend—a sympathising consoler—and from the day we first met our love and intimacy have hourly increased.

Miss Powis reminded me, when I had got to her house, of reading Lord Westbrook's letter, and would have retired whilst I perused it, but I held her hand—"No," said I, "I have no secrets from you—I know not the purport of this letter—but we will be informed of it together." She threw her arms around my neck, and solicited a continuance of my confidence. I wept
with

with joy at such kind usage, having been a stranger to it for some months, and received comfort from this proof of her affection. I broke open the seal, and read the following lines to her :

“ To Miss WARWICK.

“ You are going, charming Eliza!—you are about to leave Norfolk-castle—and the unhappy Westbrook’s heart you will take for ever with you—Why am I not permitted to make an open avowel of my passion for you! Why are my words, my actions, limited thus, while my adoration for you knows no bounds!—Yet, ah! my fair cousin, you return not this passion—your looks were cold—they answered not to the expressions, the warm expressions, of my heart. I am wretched—
—I will own to you, I am miserable!

H 5

—From

—From the instant I beheld you, I became your conquest—and my eyes have told you so a thousand times. With what difficulty I have suppressed a fuller declaration of it before, no language can describe—and, but I feared a discovery of it, (for your sake,) nothing could have restrained the impetuosity of my soul. Oh ! lovely Miss Warwick ! by the tenderness of that bosom which has so often melted at the idea of another's sufferings, pity a man who lives but to love—who can never cease to adore you——To-morrow—oh ! to-morrow—be it propitious !—it will decide for ever the fate of

“ WESTBROOK ”

My astonishment was great on reading this letter—I could not have supposed things would have ever come to
this

this height——and I acknowledged to Miss Powis that I did not think they would. Upon looking into her face, I perceived some starting tears, and a confusion, which she in vain endeavoured to conceal. I took her hand, and, pressing it to my lips, I begged to be informed of the cause of those emotions. She told me, they were pleaders in the cause of her friend. I assured her I was very sorry she interested herself so highly in it, for that it was impossible for me to encourage his passion without doing a violence to my heart——“ I am,” continued I, “ insensible to the professions of the most eloquent, the most charming—I never saw but *one* whom I could love, and he”——I turned aside to weep——Miss Powis embraced me with tenderness, and I perceived that her eyes sparkled with unusual vivacity. She talked of my cruelty——and as she pronounced the name of Westbrook

she blushed—Suffice it to say, my Lord, that I soon discovered Miss Powis regarded my handsome, amiable cousin with eyes of love—and, when she was convinced I never could behold him in that light, she frankly owned to me her passion for him. In the mean time I saw Lord Westbrook—His tears, his intreaties, his despair, conspired to move my pity; but my soul seemed dead to every livelier sensation—I pleaded many motives for my not encouraging his suit; but, above all, I conjured him never to think of marrying a woman who professed to feel for him *only friendship*—“There are,” said I, “my Lord, imperfections in human nature, which the cautious eye of esteem will not overlook—To make, therefore, the connubial state a happy one, the dazzled sight of love is absolutely necessary—All appears right in the darling object—and every word, every action,

action, nay, even every fault, has some peculiar charm. That passion will, I grant you, ripen into friendship—but it is of all friendships the most delightful,——warm——animated——yet composed——It forms the happiest moments of our lives——and though love generally terminates in a state thus tranquil, yet never did a marriage prove such exquisite felicity, which did not commence with all the agitation, all the perturbation of love.” Lord Westbrook thought this reasoning *might be good*; but his heart refused to listen to its dictates. He was always at Powis-hall, and, in spite of all I could say, ever avowing to me his passion. Miss Powis’s attachment increased towards me, although I was her rival. Her looks were paler and more wan than when I first beheld her; yet she laboured to conceal the cause of such an alteration by all the spirits she could assume.

I now

I now began to reflect on the propriety of my leaving Huntingdonshire—I was the occasion of much grief to my friend; and the longer I staid with her, the more incorrigible would Lord Westbrook's passion become: for both their sakes, I therefore resolved to set off for Elmwood directly; and after imparting my design to Miss Powis, we fixed on the day for our journey. Before I left Powis-hall, I begged Lord Westbrook to give me his company for a few minutes in the garden—I there, with great sincerity, *thanked him for his multiplied goodness to me, and assured him I should ever retain the most grateful sense of the obligations I lay under to him.* I then with equal candour, *begged him to believe that my heart was wholly untouched by his flattering gallantry—I owned, though he was an object of my perfect esteem, yet I had never beheld the man, since I saw Sir Charles Beaufort, who could inspire me with*

one tender sensation——I intreated him not to persecute me with a renewal of those vows which had already had given me so much uneasiness——that absence and the society of other women more amiable, more worthy his regard, would intirely dissipate me from his idea—that Miss Powis would often inform him of me—and that he would oblige me ever, by shewing her as much attention and esteem as her humanity to the distresses of an orphan exacted from every sensible, every generous mind——and his friendship for me would, I was sure, teach him to regard and respect her, for my sake, more than he had ever done before.——

Lord Westbrook, with a bursting heart promised to comply with every command I would chuse to impose on him—and, taking a pathetic leave of me, he retired into the woods, to conceal his sorrow. I seized that opportunity to depart from the Hall, and Miss

Powis

Powis and I set forward on our journey to Elmwood.

Lady Huntley met us half way. Her amiable deportment, her engaging aspect, her elegance of figure, struck me at once with a love and respect for her, which have momentarily increased since that hour. She threw her arms around me, and, pressing me to her bosom, called me the child of her friend—her virtuous, her injured Eliza!—Ah! how different this reception from that which I had experienced from Lady Norfolk!

Now, my Lord, am I to describe some of the most pleasing hours of my life—a life chequered by the most exquisite delights—the bitterest misfortunes!

When

When we alighted at the charming seat of Elmswood, it appeared to me a scene of blissful enchantment—The groves, the lawns, the park, the falls of water and gentle streams, all seemed to have been the peculiar care of some supernatural being—and the dear inhabitant of this second Paradise presided as the Genius of Virtue. *Here*, how happily did I live for some months!—The company, the conversation, of Lady Huntley, were too delightful to be expressed—and the notion of my not being a dependant on her favours, but the chosen companion of her hours, rendered my situation still more blissful. We walked—we read—we saw company—but what a different set of people to those Lady Norfolk's vanity would assemble at Norfolk-castle!—Beauty, virtue, accomplishment, and sense, were to be found amongst the visitors of Elmswood—*there*, neither
wit,

wit, grace, nor any other charm, was visible in any of the females but Miss Powis; who, on account of her superiority, was an object of detestation to Lady Norfolk——In short, my Lord, when I compared my present situation to that which had so lately been my lot, I lifted up my heart in gratitude to that beneficent Creator who had supported me through all my trials, and brought me at length to a state of *earthly* felicity.

The largeness of my income enabled me to give content to others whom Fortune had not smiled upon; and in my visits to the humble cottagers I loved their simplicity, and respected their innocence——I was called by them the Daughter of Peace——and, in my attendance on their sick-beds, they thought themselves better, when I reached forth their medicines. With what
anxiety

anxiety, with what sympathy, did I hang over the couch of an expiring mother, or the father of a family ! How did I strive to cheer the drooping mourners, and soothe their souls to comfort !—Ah ! my Lord, whether in courts or cottages, the loss of an amiable parent is irreparable—and of all afflictions, next to the loss of honour, surely it is the greatest !

These scenes I visited, to keep me humble—What, tho' I tasted the sweets of fortune, was I on that account, to think no more of misery ? Ah ! no, the child of Adversity is taught, by sad experience, to feel for others—and how happy are those who, with such sentiments, have power to succour the afflicted !—*That* notion I had ever imbibed from my earliest infancy—and misfortune had impressed it on my heart.

Amongst

Amongst the visitors of Lady Huntley, two gentlemen in particular honoured me with their love——Sir Edward Topdon and Mr. Pawlet made me the most honourable and (in point of fortune) advantageous proposals—but I rejected them, from a reason I gave before—and at that time “I was fully persuaded a heart could love but once.”

Lady Huntley used to speak of you often, my Lord——She described you, such as I really found you to be, sensible, handsome, witty, polite—but there were some charming traits in the portrait which Lady Huntley passed over, and which could be perceptible to the eyes of love alone.

I did not apprehend danger from seeing you—I thought I had beheld all that was amiable in the sex already
fighting

fighing at my feet—and that, at best, you could be but a copy of some of the most worthy—Then I reflected, that a man who had seen all that was lovely, in woman, and had been so universally distinguished by them in every Court he had visited, would never bend his eyes to the insignificant Eliza, but would raise them to some lady more his equal in points of fortune, beauty, and reputation—the latter I considered as unconquerably tarnished—and though my virtue was, in fact, not injured, the fairness of my character was lost for ever—I do assure you, my Lord, I rejoiced at the idea of being unnoticed by you—I was tired of hearing the same declarations from the mouth of every man I conversed with—and my heart was so wholly insensible to their different merits, that I was convinced its feeling a second attachment

ment was a circumstance not only improbable, but absolutely impossible.

During the first six months of my stay at Elmswood, I often saw and heard from Miss Powis—Lord Westbrook had accustomed himself to her conversation—he was constantly a guest of Sir Harry Powis—he discovered many amiable qualities in his daughter, many charms in her person—he walked, sung, and danced, with her—they read together—and he was her constant attendant on every excursion, either of charity or pleasure, that she made—In fine, my Lord, under the name of friendship, love found its way a second time into the heart of Westbrook; and, whilst he adored Miss Powis, he had not a thought that any sentiment but esteem guided the warm wishes which were so often offered up by him for her happiness.

ness. The following accident, however, soon undeceived him.

Lord Belville, who had seen Miss Powis one evening at Norfolk-castle, was struck with her beauty, but more with her conversation. He got Lord Norfolk to introduce him at Powis-hall, and from that day he professed himself her lover.

The greatness of his fortune, his ancient pedigree, but most of all his nobleness of soul, recommended him to Sir Harry Powis as a man worthy his daughter's acceptance; and he prevailed upon her to admit his visits, until a further acquaintance should either justify her refusal of him, or his amiable qualities should make an impression on her heart. This was but reasonable; and Miss Powis, to oblige her father, consented to it; though she
was

was well convinced no man, but one, could ever inspire her with a tender regard. In the mean time, Lord Westbrook was a witness of the assiduity of his rival; nay, he even made him the confidant of his passion.

Lord Westbrook became sullen, pensive, and unhappy—he hid himself continually in the woods—and when chance, or the regularity of the family hours, would present Miss Powis to his sight, he would turn from her, and remove, if possible, out of the sound of her charming voice. He often endeavoured to leave Powis-hall; but, before he had got half a mile from the avenue, he was always brought back again by an impulse as strange as irresistible.

He imputed all this, at first, to friendship—he thought his situation had been delightful, till Lord Belville intruded—

intruded—he had more of Miss Powis's conversation—he had possessed her confidence—but *now* it was far different—she would soon be married—Lord Belville was alone intitled to those hours of unreserved friendship she had bestowed on *him*—and he *now* considered himself as an intruder, not as an agreeable and useful companion to Sir Harry and his daughter.

Thus whispered jealousy ; and he determined, by one resolute exertion, to tear himself from a place which had once yielded him delight. His plan was to go to London for the winter ; and, after ordering his horses, he was about to leave the house without bidding any one in it adieu. As he passed the music-room, in order to gain the court-yard, he perceived, as the door lay open, Miss Powis alone, and leaning on the harpsichord as if in tears.

He thought no more of his resolution, but entering the room, he drew a chair near hers, and took hold of her hand. He inquired the cause of those tears? —he begged to know whether some trifling quarrel with her lover had not occasioned them? At that question they redoubled. “Well, Miss Powis,” grieved he, “be not grieved—Lord Belville will soon own his fault, and you will regain once more your ascendancy over his conquered heart—Where is he?—I will bring him to your feet.”

He arose to go—She caught hold of his arm—‘Ah!’ replied she, ‘do you take pleasure in insulting me?—I abhor Lord Belville—I wish I had never seen him!’ “I wish so too!” sighed out the charming Westbrook. ‘And why,’ asked Miss Powis—‘Why do you wish so?’ He faltered—he hesitated —that

—that simple question opened to him the truth. “Because,” cried he, pressing her hand to his bosom, “I love you.” She blushed—she evaded the subject—she asked him why he was booted?—and whether he intended to leave them? He said *Yes—that Lord Belville was the man chosen by her for happiness—and that he could not bring his forward heart to be a witness of his triumph.*

He bade her adieu—She recalled him—They wept—they embraced—In short, my Lord, the scene concluded by solemn vows on both sides never to part again. Sir Harry was informed of these proceedings; and Lord Belville, since he could not himself be the favoured lover, was contented to see the amiable Westbrook in possession of that person which he once hoped to have called his own. Lord and Lady Norfolk refused not to consent to their

union ; and my friend, very soon after, met with that just reward which her love, her constancy, her merit, claimed.

Lord Westbrook, on their marriage, wrote me a humorous letter, and assured me he had *punctually obeyed* my last command. I laughed at the idea of his loving me, and answered, I was persuaded that he had mistaken the name of what he felt—that it might have been a lively, a tender friendship—for *that love visited the heart but once*—and I was convinced my excellent Emily had awakened in him those refined, those exquisite emotions, which he could never have experienced before, and which once lost could never be retrieved again. Thus, my Lord, did I reason on the sublimity of this passion; but, alas! I dreamed not that there was still a man in the world who
could

could inspire me a second time with love, in all its parity, its ardour, its refinement—I knew not, at that time, Lord Huntley.

A letter from your Lordship, about a fortnight after this, to Lady Huntley, taught her to expect you soon in England. Her joy was great beyond measure—her life, her best hopes, seems centered in you. She thought the weeks, the days, the hours, tedious, until your arrival—and she reckoned them all with impatience, and counted them with anxiety.

I now begged leave to retire from Elmwood—I pleaded that her Ladyship would soon have a loved and long-lost companion restored to her arms, and that with her permission I would quit her until your Lordship married, when I promised to return, and live

with her Ladyship until the hour which should separate us by the hand of Death.

Lady Huntley would not hear of my going—she threw her arms around me, and called me *her dear daughter*——*she said, she hoped her son would love, and deserve me, better than did Sir Charles Beaufort.* Those, my Lord, were her Ladyship's words——words which, at that time, gave me uneasiness—but which have since fed me with delusive hopes—Ah! have I not ever been the sport of fortune!

Think not, my Lord, I mean to reproach Lady Huntley for the part she has acted—oh! no—I honour her for it——Lady Isabella Trevise, when compared with the insignificant Eliza, was too superior a match to have hesitated one moment of accepting—What
am

am I, my Lord?—Reflect a while—turn back to some of those fatal passages since the death of Beauvarise—and behold me dishonoured, poor, and friendless—Now, who can murmur against the commands of Lady Huntley!

* * * * *

I have been ill, my Lord—I have been very ill, since I wrote the above—Death has laid on me his cold, but welcome hand—I live but to perform my last promise to you—I live but to give you the sequel of my melancholy story—Regret me not, dear Huntley! but drive me from your memory—Shed not a tear over my grave, but allow one to my life—it is in living I have been wretched—in dying, I trust, I shall be happy—Oh! with what pleasure do I look forward to that blessed moment!—with what confidence do I

expect its approach!—Huntley—my dear Huntley!—I leave this world—I leave even thee—the first is nothing—in the last I comprehend every pang that I shall suffer.



After being anxiously expected by Lady Huntley for some time, your Lordship made your appearance at Elmwood. I was not present when you met your mother—I was, if you remember, in the garden; whither, after your first salutations, Lady Huntley led you, to be introduced to her Eliza, as she called me.

I was employed, on your approach, in pruning a favourite rose-tree; nor did I hear you, until her Ladyship caught my hand, and bade me *behold her son*—I turned towards you—What a form!—what grace!—what benignity!—

nity!—struck my astonished eyes!—
 Your Lordship seemed not less amazed—
 You beheld me with wonder—
 —with reverence— with admiration—
 —I blushed—You could not speak—
 and in a confused manner carried my
 hand to your lips—You think me vain,
 perhaps, my Lord—Ah! pardon me—
 At this awful hour, when the grave is
 open to receive my emaciated form—
 when every charm has given place to a
 dying languor—and when that beauty,
 which has been thought well of, even
 by you, my Lord, is now become in-
 different to me—do not suppose that,
 at such a time, my mind can taste of
 vanity—That I was more than hand-
 some is true—that you were too sen-
 sible of it, from the first moment you
 saw me, is also a fact—and I speak of
 it, not as my boast, but my misfor-
 tune.

The amazement which the beauty of your person at first excited in me soon subsided, and I regarded your Lordship as the son of my benefactress, as the friend of my future days—Love had not then intruded itself into my heart—and I viewed you with that esteem only which the amiableness of your character exacted from all.

Suffer me, my Lord, to repeat minutely every scene, every trifling transaction, which interested me, from your arrival, until my departure from Elmwood——To you, who love, it cannot appear tedious——or if it should, and after reading thus far you have altered your sentiments of me, and hold me no longer worthy of your attachment, send the recital to my dear Lady Westbrook, who will peruse each word with pleasure, and sympathize in every trifle that concerned Eliza—*Concerned*, I say;
for

for I shall cease to live ere this can draw
the drop of pity from her eye.

* * * * *

You must recollect, my Lord, that Elmwood was the resort of all that was gay, agreeable, and charming, after your Lordship's arrival—The house was thronged with visitors, and crouded with happy faces—Mine was the only one that wore the aspect of composure—all besides were joy, tumult, and delight—I alone was placid without emotion, chearful without noise—The constant bustle of the scene, however, fatigued me—I sighed for solitude—I sickened for retirement——The riotous congratulations of the country gentlemen—the tiresome gallantries of the more accomplished ones the *witty bitterneesses* that passed from one pretty woman to another—together with the constant

I 6 amusements

amusements of dancing, concerts, and card-assemblies—made me regret that the serenity of Elmwood's shades had flown for ever on the approach of its Lord—I endeavoured to court it often—but, if I was found alone in the woods or groves, the raillery of the men, and the insinuations of the ladies, gave me, at length, a dread of following my inclinations—and I gave into every project of mirth in my own defence. All this time, my Lord, you regarded me with an eye of attention—You were polite to every one—but to me you were assiduous—I imputed it to your desire of complimenting Lady Huntley, by being attentive to one whom you thought dear to her—but I little imagined that those *douceurs* proceeded from a more interested motive.

One evening, as I was dancing with Sir Edward Topdon, a string of pearls, which

which was tied round my neck, and to which the miniature of my guardian hung, suddenly broke, from my having strung them on too slender a thread—The pearls were scattered about the floor, and the picture dropped into my bosom. I begged Lady Priscilla Stanton to dance with Sir Edward until my return, and said I would go and put up the portrait, which I prized too much to trust into my pocket, lest, by some accident I should break the chrystal, and damage the painting. She consented to take my place; and as I made towards the door, I saw four or five of the pearls, which the dancers feet had struck out of their way, just by it. You at the moment entered the room as I stooped to pick them up. The picture fell out of my bosom on the floor—You were on your knees in an instant—and the first thing you laid your hand on was the miniature. I told you of the
accident,

accident, and laughed at the loss of my fine pearls. I was not attended to—but your eyes devoured the portrait which you still held. I asked you for it, and thanked you for your trouble—You said you would give it to me the next day, and put it into your pocket. I was astonished at this—but left the room, highly glad of an excuse to steal from my partner ; and, as he did not know how the picture was already disposed of, he supposed my absence was occasioned by my care of it. The next day I asked for this precious resemblance—You gave it to me with an air of gallantry, and sighed. I received it without a blush, and with infinite composure. I perceived you were surprised—for you knew not that it was the representation of my guardian.

In two or three days after, a party on horseback was proposed for all the ladies,

dies, and every gentleman attended them with an assiduous pleasure, which men of politeness are wont to assume on such occasions. I was a good horse-woman; for the Duke of Beauvarise took pleasure in having me taught to ride, as he thought, if ever my health required that exercise, I should find my knowledge in the management of a horse particularly useful. I rode a young Arabian, which I had commissioned Lord Westbrook to get for me; it was remarkably beautiful, spirited, yet easy to manage.

During our excursion, we met a drove of oxen; one of them was refractory, and some countrymen, who were in an adjoining field, called out, *that it had just gored a passenger, and they were going to secure it with ropes.* The creature was at some distance from us, at that time; but, by its contortions, we judged its approach

approach would be dangerous. The ladies shrieked out violently, but my fear had deprived me of voice—You, my Lord, without regarding the many females of consequence who were in an equally hazardous situation, leaped from your horse, and running to the poor Eliza, you took her off in your arms, and lifted her on the other side of the fence, where she would be perfectly safe. I was fainting with terror—you supported me, and by your tender care recalled me to life. In the meantime, the furious animal was forcibly held, by the strength of a monstrous rope, which some of the countrymen, with great dexterity, had slipped round its head, and tied it to a tree, until the rest of the party had passed. Its frightful bellowing alarmed my horse, and my pretty Arabian ran away from the spot, nor ever stopped until it tumbled down a remarkable precipice, which effectually

fectually put an end to his fright and his life together. I lay exposed to the heat of the sun, in an open field, till one of the attendants brought a chaise from the next town, and your Lordship and I returned in it to Elmwood—In the course of our journey, the terror and fatigue I had suffered occasioned a faintness to seize me——my eyes grew dim—an universal tremor possessed every limb—it was so sudden, that I had not time to prepare you—and when I found myself sinking, as I thought, I caught hold of your hand, to save me—Your fright, your tenderness, your anxiety, never shall I forget—each sensation appeared in your countenance at that moment. As I revived from the insensibility that soon after overcame me, I found you kneeling on the bottom of the carriage—my hands clasped in yours—your cheeks pale and wet with your tears. The servants, who
had

had run for water to throw in my face, exclaimed, *that I was dead, and that all was in vain*——but when you saw me open my eyes, no joy could equal that which danced in yours. We soon after arrived at Elmwood; and I retired to my apartment, to endeavour to gain repose—Sleep, however, refused its aid—and, indeed, I was not solicitous to court it——Your image was present to my fancy—your looks—your words—Every action betrayed your tenderness, and filled me with doubt, perplexity, and pleasure——“ Ah !” would I say, “ why these emotions ?——why this presuming hope ?——Is it possible I can love again ?——Huntley, thou art too amiable—and Eliza is weakness itself.” Then would I strive to be convinced I ought not to flatter myself with those delusive, fond ideas, that would, in spite of reason, inspire me with delight——“ His eyes,” I cried, “ ’tis true,
speak

ſpeak the language of love, but he has never yet ſuffered his lips to declare to me that paſſion—his agitations, which I have ſo lately witneſſed, might have been cauſed by compaſſion—he knows lady Huntley’s friendſhip for me—and it is to that, perhaps, I am indebted for theſe proofs of his regard.”—I will own to you, my Lord, I liked not this mode of arguing, and I quitted my bed with a degree of peeviſh inquietude, which my women had never before diſcovered in me.

Your attentions from that day redoubled—Your endeavours to pleaſe—your fear of offending—the ſenſibility which ſhone in your countenance—all told me I was dear to you—but your ſilence upon that ſubject rendered me ſlow to believe what the certain knowledge of alone would have made me happy—I was reſtleſs, anxious, and
uneaſy—

uneasy——the air of coldness which I assumed towards you, in order to conceal the real sentiments of my bosom, was an exertion which its tenderness could ill support, but which my reason approved, and which deceived your Lordship, as to the real situation of my soul.

I passed a whole month, from this period, in all the tortures of suspense, undetermined what to do—whether to leave Elmwood, and bury myself in solitude for ever, or to go to Lady Westbrook's, and remain with her, till time and absence should obliterate from my heart the impression you had made on it. At length, the moment so often dreaded, yet so ardently wished for, arrived, with all its delights——all those exquisite emotions, which only *such* a declaration, from *such* a man, could inspire.

One

One evening, after a long walk which a large party of us had taken, when we entered the saloon, all seated themselves in haste, and avowed their fatigue—A bouquet of roses and myrtle, which I had in my bosom, became troublesome, and I threw it on one of the windows near me—Nobody, as I imagined, had observed me—but your Lordship soon after, walking, (as if without design) to the place, took up the flowers, and fixing on me the most impassioned look, you carried them to your lips—I was not on my guard—I was too attentive—and surprised into a deep blush—Tears started into those orbs, which at the instant told you (as I supposed) the secret of my heart—What did not yours say in return!—You fixed the bouquet in your bosom, and seemed to behold it as an object of adoration—This accident confused—delighted—nay charmed me—
and

and that evening I considered as the happiest of my life.

The next morning you were missed at breakfast, and your absence was imputed to your having visited your friend Mr. Pawlet. The ladies proposed a rambling excursion; but I confess, as I found *you* were not to be of the party, I could not think of making one—every thing would have appeared flat and insipid—and I should have been fatigued before I had got halfway—I therefore excused myself, as having letters to write; and, as soon as they were gone, I retired to my own apartment.

Your miniature, which I had begun to draw, engrossed every leisure moment of my time; and instead of taking up the pen, I employed my pencil. I had set to it about an hour, when the beauty of the day tempted me into the garden.

garden. I struck down that shady walk where my sweet rose-tree bloomed, and seated myself by it, to enjoy its fragrance. The mildness of the weather, the refreshing breezes that gently fanned every leaf, the melody of the birds, all filled my soul with harmony; and a certain lightness hung about my heart, which till the evening before it had long been a stranger to. I had not enjoyed this tranquility a quarter of an hour, when the sound of approaching foot-steps intruded on my ear. I arose hastily, with a design to leave the place, just as your Lordship presented yourself before me—I blushed—curtesied—I attempted to retire—but you seized my hand, and with a look of expression which my fancy now brings to my view, you begged me to stay one moment, and to hear you. My heart throbbed—I was unable to stand—and, walking back a few steps to the seat I
had

had quitted, I was glad of a pretence to resume it, so little were my knees able to support me. You threw yourself on the turf beside me—and, after telling me how miserable you were to find that you had often incurred my displeasure, by an assiduity which your love alone inspired, you intreated my pardon for the uneasiness you had given me, and assured me you resolved to tear yourself from Elmwood, in order to restore my peace——You paused——I could not speak——Thus you went on——“As for my *own*, too charming Eliza! that has for ever fled my breast—All I have to do is to bewail your cruelty, or rather my own unworthiness, and to give you back happiness by sacrificing my own.” Here, my Lord, you may remember I exclaimed, “*My peace, alas!*” and a torrent of tears fell on my bosom. You took my handkerchief, and wiped my cheeks—you thanked me
for

for my pity, and said *you would endeavour to deserve it—that that day would be the last of your residence at Elmswood—and that you would sometimes come to visit Lady Huntley, and to contemplate, at a humble distance, my perfections.* I sighed——“Adieu! Eliza,” you cried, and fell at my feet—I reached forth my hand to you—Our tears streamed—our eyes met—and we exclaimed at once, “Ah! must we part!” It was then, Huntley, you were made sensible of my love for you—it was then you seemed to live, to breathe, but for me——Ah! with what ardour, with what delicacy, did you paint your passion!——with what pleasure, with what transport, did I listen!—From that hour our vows were united—and Heaven can witness to the sincerity, the purity, of them.

To Lady Huntley we communicated our attachment—She embraced us

—she approved of it—she declared she should look forward to the day of our nuptials with impatience and delight—Your Lordship, however, at that time, knew not my history—an ænigma, I often told you, which, when unravelled would, perhaps, sever the cord of love which bound your soul to mine ; but which I should intreat Lady Huntley to impart to you, as the task of giving you pain would be too much for my tenderness to support : besides, as her Ladyship was not a party concerned, she could tell it with more composure than the unhappy sufferer could have done. You, I remember, at that time, desired not to hear it, since you found it was a melancholy tale, and one which made me suffer to reflect on—yet it was one I insisted you should hear before the indissoluble knot was tied.

How

How happily did we pass two months after this mutual avowal ! With what felicity did we look forward to succeeding years ! I made a solemn vow, that, if any thing should happen to interrupt the bright prospect of our union, I would retire to a convent, and shut myself up there for the remainder of my days—to penance and mortification would I dedicate the few years of my unfortunate life that I must be fated to drag on, and expiate some of those crimes which I must have been guilty of, to have drawn on me so severely the vengeance of Heaven—Ah ! my Lord, the Almighty suffered me not to depend on mortal for happiness—he has instructed me to expect no earthly comforts, that I may seek for more glorious, more permanent felicity—and blessed ever be his will !

* * * * *

Huntley—when I look back to the delightful hours I have passed with you—when I revisit that rose-tree in idea, where first I beheld you, where first you declared to me your passion—do I not regret that life flows out so fast?—and yet—why?—Ah! my Huntley! Fate has placed an insurmountable bar against our connection—and death, in that case, must be desirable.

* * * * *

In this state of happiness were we, when Lady Darnington, and her daughter, Lady Isabella Trevice, wrote to invite themselves to Elmswood—I remember I shuddered at the thought of their coming; and you, my Lord, shrugged your shoulders, *praised their good-nature, but wished they had shewn a little less upon this occasion*—Lady Huntley looked displeased—Lady Darnington was an old and a dear friend of hers—

hers—her daughter was handsome, amiable, and had a hundred thousand pounds—reasons which Lady Huntley gave emphatically, and which were spoken with a firm and resolute voice, for their being welcome to her house. I will be less prolix, my Lord—The ladies arrived—Youth, health, affluence and beauty, shone conspicuously in Lady Isabella—good-sense, pride, and art, marked her mother's character—Elmswood was again a scene of open festivity—Lady Darnington and her daughter, by their courteous and affable deportment, soon engaged all hearts to approve them—and every one experienced the sunshine of their smiles but the presumptuous rival of Lady Isabella—*she* seemed, at that period, to be neglected by all but you—but in your kindness, your unabated tenderness, I was happier than if I had whole nations paying me adulation.

One night, however, I recollect to have been uneasy—and you occasioned it——Perhaps you forget the circumstance—I will remind you of it.

After dinner, I seated myself in the bow-window at the bottom of the saloon. You soon followed me thither, and stood up before me. We talked and laughed about indifferent matters for some time, when I perceived a sudden gloom overspread your features. I inquired the cause—You looked earnestly in my face, and told me you had a favour to ask—I demanded it——You whispered, that I wore the picture of a man near my heart——“Now,” you cried, “answer me sincerely, and tell me whose it is——I had it in my possession a whole night——I slept not—I sat up to contemplate it——No words can express my misery, my jealousy—I gave it to you the next day—I penetrated

ed

ted your soul when you received it from me—but you blushed not—you betrayed no confusion—you took it with composure and conscious innocence—that made me easy in some measure—but I perceive you still wear it—do not refuse to satisfy my curiosity, or rather to quell my anxiety, when I demand of you his name—his title to a place in your bosom.” You stopped—you considered me again with attention—and your steadfast gaze called up a blush into my cheeks—You gave me not time to reply—“ Ha! Eliza, what is this? confusion!—Nay, then, Madam,” ——— ‘ Stay, my Lord, said I, ‘ this portrait need not inspire you with jealousy—its likeness is no more—he was my guardian—my friend.’ I could say not another word—my tears flowed—and the recollection of Beauvarise rushed into my heart. “ Tears, too—

this is strange!—but I do not like this friend, Miss Warwick——*If* he is dead, these emotions declare you loved, or rather you still love, his *shade*, with ardour——Your guardian——ha! he was a very youthful one!”

Pardon me, my Lord, if I say you were in this instance cruel—you roused my pride—you seemed to doubt my truth, my fidelity. I arose——and, walking from you with an air of indignation, and sorrow, retired to my own apartment, where I wept the loss of *this friend, this guardian*—Irreparable misfortune! which even to this hour I deplore.

In a great while after, I returned to the company——I saw your Lordship hanging over the chair of Lady Isabella Trevice, while she sung the tenderest,
the

the most impassioned sounds—The sight was painful, but I endeavoured to conceal my chagrin. Dancing was proposed—You led my exulting rival forth, and cast on me the most indifferent, the most piercing looks of neglect. Sir Edward Topdon solicited my hand—I gave it to him, and joined the happy throng, but with contrary sensations to those which filled the breasts of all I approached. The whole evening you were devoted to Lady Isabella, and I to that degree of mortification which sensibility like mine was exposed to.

After supper, you intreated Lady Isabella to *blefs you* with the melody of her voice—She sang these words, with a look of expression which cut me to the soul, but which you seemed to receive with delight.

“SOFT confusion’s rosy terror

Quite expressive paints my cheek ;
Look again, behold your error,
Blushes eloquently speak.

What tho’ silent is my anguish,
Or breath’d only to the air,
Mark my eyes—and, as they languish,
Read what *yours* have written there.”

She stopped——Her coral lips—
ah ! how beautifully were they turned !
——You kissed her hand with fervour,
and swore that such a mouth as her’s
alone was made to express the passion
it inspired. My bosom filled—my
foolish heart fluttered——I thought of
Marmontel’s Elmira and Delia—and I
supposed my inconstant Soliman lost to
me for ever. Sir Edward Topdon in-
sisted that I should follow the example
of Lady Isabella, *for that not even her
Ladyship could exceed me in harmony.* I
begged to be excused——for that after
her

her, and such a compliment, my voice would appear but indifferently. This objection was over-ruled, and I sung a soft Italian air, which describes a man as the zephyr that kisses every flower it meets, and concludes with comparing the singer, who is imagined to be in love, to a river which follows faithfully but one course.

My voice faltered once or twice; but I sung clearly, and succeeded that night particularly well. You stole a glance at me, without meaning that I should observe you: but our eyes met——you withdrew yours hastily, and turning to Lady Isabella, you beat time with her fan on her lovely hand, which she carelessly displayed on the table. Your unkindness almost threw me into tears; and when I had ended, the applause of every person present, but

K 6 yourself

yourself and Lady Isabella, gave me little pleasure.

You were silent on the occasion ; and it was you only whose approbation I wished for—every compliment that was paid me I received with indifference. When we retired for the night, sleep fled my eyes—my grief was inexpressible—How did I lament, at that time, my dear Jennet, who would have soothed, who could have comforted my affliction !——but Jennet is a saint in Heaven——and such are not to be regretted.

The next morning I looked out of my window as soon as it was light, and the first object that struck my eyes was your Lordship walking in the garden, with the most disconsolate air imaginable. I knew not whether to grieve or to rejoice at this sight—“ Ah !” cried I,
“ who

“ who knows but he is now plotting how to break with me, without appearing too unjust, in order to make an offer of his hand to Lady Isabella Trevice ?”—The thought distracted me—“ Indeed, Huntley,” continued I, “ there needs no great art on the occasion—I will free you from all engagements to me, if you can be happier with her.” The distress I endured, however, convinced me it would be no easy sacrifice.

I will own to you, my Lord, I studied my toilet with anxiety that morning—I put on the dress most becoming to my shape—the cap, the ribbons, best suited to the turn of my features and complexion. The miserable night I had passed gave me a hectic, which added to the bloom of my cheeks and lips ; and I looked to be in better health than I really was.

We

We met at breakfast—(and it was at that meeting I expected to read my fate—You approached me with an air of penitence and sorrow—you endeavoured to take my hand, which I withheld, with, perhaps, too much dignity. You appeared mortified, humble, and submissive: and retired behind my chair, on which you leaned, without uttering a word. Lady Isabella strove to attract your notice—hummed a tune audibly enough—called you to view a ring—proposed a thousand parties—to all which you replied with coldness, and returned to me, whom she had hoped to seduce you from—However, I took no notice of you; which mortified you, and pleased her; and, after breakfast, I left the company, and returned to my closet.

I had not been there an hour, when you rapped at the door. I opened it; but,

but, finding who it was, was leaving the room. You intreated me to stay, and hear a few words you had to offer in your justification. I remained. Your apologies were so elegant, so submissive—your air so melancholy—and your looks so despairing—that you did not find it difficult to obtain my pardon. In return, I told you whose portrait I wore, and added, that you would respect him, as well as I did, when you should hear the story of my life, in which he bore the principal and most shining part. From that time our affection for each other seemed to increase—and it was the first and last quarrel we ever had to torment us.

Lady Darnington and Lady Huntley used to have many conversations alone—and I thought, my Lord, after such, Lady Huntley would appear cold and reserved towards me. One day she
hinted

hinted *that her son had better, for both our sakes, think no more of marrying me.* —“He is unacquainted,” said she, “with your history; and, when he hears it, may perhaps alter his sentiments in regard of you”—I was shocked—“Men,” continued her Ladyship, “are unaccountable creatures—but, my dear Eliza, if you follow my advice, you will never think of trusting to any of the sex again.” “Ah! Madam,” cried I, “your Ladyship reasons justly—but would to Heaven you had deigned to tell me so before!—As for my own part, dearly as I love your son, I could tear myself, I believe, from Elmswood, in order to contribute to his felicity—but his soul will shudder at the idea of giving me up for ever.” Lady Huntley smiled, and asked me *if I did not know the sex?*

I retired

I retired from her presence, confounded, and unhappy. Soon after, Lady Huntley spoke more plainly on the subject—She told me, that Lady Darnington's daughter had conceived a passion for my Huntley—that with her he would possess, not only an accomplished person, but a fortune as immense as it would be advantageous—She threw a shade over my character, as it was received in the world, yet was so good as to do justice to my principles—She reminded me of my family's looking *but coldly* on me, still she confessed there was high cruelty in it—She then drew a finished and charming picture of my rival—and made it very plain to me, that my conduct was injurious, in endeavouring to engross you to myself. I could answer her but by my tears—for, indeed, I was not equal to that heroic exertion she stimulated me to adopt.

About

About this time, you talked of spending some weeks at Sir William Radnor's—My heart trembled at the thought of your quitting Elmwood—but Lady Huntley made me give her my promise not to reveal to you the least part of any of her conversations on that dreadful topic—so I had no hope of your remaining, unless I made it my request to you—but, by a like engagement of my word, I was prohibited from doing that—besides, as business preparative to our marriage, as you imagined, called you thence, I could not have prevented you, without assigning a reason for your delay. Thus I concluded to say nothing on the subject to you, but to trust it all to God alone.

When you came to take your leave of me—ah! how charmingly you looked!—it was the last time I should ever see

see you—this I apprehended—you threw your arms around me, and pressed me to your bosom—The action was free—more so than any I ever knew you to assume towards me—but the mournful reflection that it was *the last time* prevented my chiding you for it. I wept. You seemed affected, even to sadness—but you prayed me to conquer those emotions, which, though flattering to you, pained you to excite in the tender heart of one so dear to you. I could not reply—I sobbed audibly. You asked me, whether you had not better stay at Elmswood, since I seemed so unhappy to part with you? I was just going to answer *yes*, when Lady Huntley entered the room.

She cast a terrifying look of displeasure at me, and intreated you, my Lord, not to delay so long the business of consequence which called you from
Elmswood—

Elmswood——She smiled, at least she tried to smile, at the *folly*, as she styled it, of so much grief, when your absence would not be long—She, in short, prevailed on you to go——and, after giving me a hurried, though tender embrace, you threw yourself into your chaise——and from that moment I have not known one cheering ray of comfort.

* * * * *

You will think me very tedious, my Lord, in writing these events of my life; but my extreme weakness will not suffer me to proceed faster—My pen is thrown down every ten minutes, in order to give me time to recover from the constant faintings I endure—My senses, thank Heaven, are still perfect, though I am altered in every other respect—

spect—and my form is so reduced, so emaciated, that, could your Lordship again behold it, you would scarcely believe that I could be the same Eliza you loved at Elmswood.

* * * * *

When you had left the house, Lady Huntley reasoned with me upon the advantages that would accrue to you from your connection with Lady Isabella—She then put it to my love, to my disinterestedness, which I would have you adhere to, your engagements to me, or to the will of your mother, though altered, and the proposals made you by Lady Darnington in favour of her daughter? I hesitated——I assured her Ladyship that which made you happiest should be preferred by me——but that I believed my Huntley loved me better than all the riches of Golconda—

Golconda—and that not even the accomplished mind and beauteous person of my rival could ever make you swerve from the sincere and ardent love you professed to feel for your Eliza.

It was then hinted to me, that you admired Lady Isabella more than your delicacy towards me would suffer you to confess—that you were a man of so peculiar a turn of mind as to abhor all engagements with a woman who had felt any former prepossession in the favour of another—that, when my story became known to you, you might still affect, perhaps, through kindness to me, a love unabated, and an attention unremitting—but that in your heart you would draw comparisons between the woman you might have had and the one you unguardedly chose.

The

The determination was left to me, to judge which side it would favourably incline to——Alas! I was too sensible of Lady Isabella's perfections, not to believe you would have regretted the loss of *her*—and (from such a sketch of your disposition) I feared a little time might see me your aversion——“ Ah!” cried I, “ I feel it all too plainly—I will hide myself from the world—I will fly from Elmswood—I will free your son from those engagements which you tell me he repents of——I will leave this place and him for ever—yet I could not have believed that riches and splendor would so far have seduced him from me—Alas! I have felt the stings of poverty—but never, even in those moments, would I have shared the throne of a monarch whom I could not love—But I am conscious that I am unworthy of so great an honour as that of being his wife—my fame, you say, is tarnish-
ed

ed—Good God! how unjustly!—but tarnished it is—and therefore am I no object for the ambition of Lord Huntley.” My tears fell in such abundance, that even Lady Darnington, who was present, seemed affected—My head felt so strangely, that I feared my senses were forsaking me—and, asking for pen and ink, I thought I would write to you before it was too late.

After my letter was finished, I gave it to Lady Huntley, and begged her to deliver it to you; she promised me on her honour to do so, and I make no doubt she has been true to her word. I then wrote to a relation of the Duke of Beauvarise, whom I had known in my childhood, who had always been very kind to me at that time, and who became a nun soon after, and was now Lady Abbess of the convent of —, to intreat her to receive me as a pensioner

tioner in her house, from whence I hoped never to remove whilst I had life. I added, that I should be with her two days after the receipt of my letter, and flattering myself with the expectation of being received by her with no less tenderness than I had formerly experienced from her. After it was sent away, I prepared for my departure from Elmswood with a degree of resolution that I did not think I was mistress of.

During the two days that I remained at that sweet place, (a delay I could not avoid making,) I saw Lady Huntley but seldom, and the other ladies still less often. For my part, I avoided no one—I wandered about the apartments, the groves, the garden, and every place I had conversed with you in, with a kind of melancholy pleasure which is better imagined than expressed——

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L

My

My tears would flow in torrents when I passed by your study—but when I looked on your picture, which hung in Lady Huntley's dressing-room, my heart was ready to break—and many a time, when I have intended to go to another part of the house, my steps have been involuntarily led to that very room—nor would I be sensible of having gone wrong, until the drops, which would fall from my eyes on my contemplation of that charming face, would tell me I had mistaken the right path.

On the fatal third morning, I ordered my carriage to be got ready; and by nine o'clock every thing was prepared. Lady Huntley had not left her room at that hour; a circumstance very unusual with her—Lady Darnington, too, and Lady Isabella, appeared not at breakfast. I took a dish of chocolate, and endeavoured to swallow part of it, but
in

in vain. I then went up to Lady Huntley's apartment, and, tapping at the door, begged admittance. As soon as I entered, I threw myself at her feet——I thanked her for her unmerited goodness to me, and intreated her to believe me grateful. She raised me with fondness, and embraced me in tears. Lady Huntley told me, there was one favour yet remaining which she had to ask of me—but which, before she named it, I must promise to comply with. Tired of life, I did not think she could have asked any thing, then, that could render me more unhappy; and, without hesitation, I bound myself to grant her request. I was shocked when she informed me it was only to keep secret from you the place of my retreat. I told her Ladyship, that, by this new prohibition, she had inflicted on me a severer wound than any she had given me before; “for by this

L 2

means,”

means," cried I, " Huntley will never, though he may wish for it, have an opportunity of seeing me again—That I have sacrificed to your ambition, Madam, my dearest hopes, my fondest wishes, you must be convinced——ah! why, then do you desire to persecute me further?——If Lord Huntley still loves me, I will never resign my pretensions to his heart——but if he is, as you say, altered, why this care to conceal from him my abode?—Surely your Ladyship has dealt with candour by me!——Never would I leave England, did I suppose my doing so could cost your son a pang—no, Madam, not even tho' your frowns should be the consequence." Lady Huntley then assured me, she believed your love for me was much abated, since your knowledge of Lady Isabella Trevice—" and," continued she, " it will be a security for you, to keep your residence a secret ;
for

for men are inconstant wanderers, and he may, perhaps, reflect, after his marriage with your rival, on the beauties of Eliza Warwick, with love and ardour—his visits, at such a time, would be inconsistent with your virtue, and his character—I therefore make this a request, not only for his sake, but yours.” This speech quieted my fears of your uneasiness about me—and I imagined my going was a plan long concerted, and with your knowledge. The idea of your perfidy cost me much misery, many sighs—I threw myself into Lady Huntley’s arms, and wept aloud—I called upon God to witness the woes of my soul—I besought Lady Huntley to forgive this first, and last effusion of them in her presence—Then starting up, I bade her adieu, and was hurrying to the door, when your picture caught my eye—I stopped—I clasped my hands together with a look of wildness,

which alarmed your mother—I contemplated it in agony—At length I exclaimed, “Best, dearest, most generous of men! farewell!—If you are false, may Heaven ne’er avenge it—but, if you are true—oh! my God!”—I could say no more, but fell senseless into the arms of Lady Huntley. I was removed from her dressing-room during my insensibility; and, when I recovered, we bade each other adieu with many tears. As I hurried from her, Lady Isabella Trevice met me on the stairs—I made her a low curtesy—“May the Almighty bless you, dear Lady!” cried I, and took her hand,—“You will be very happy soon—and my prayers for a continuance of your felicity shall be daily offered.” Lady Isabella was so good as to wipe my eyes with her handkerchief: and, bidding me keep up my spirits, kissed me, and we parted. As I got into the hall, I remembered my
rose-

rose-tree—I flew into the garden—I struck down my loved shade——and when I arrived at that spot, ever dear, ever sacred I kneeled, and put up some prayers for your happiness—I then cut off four or five roses that bloomed, and putting them into my bosom, I returned with a bursting heart to the house. There all the domestics met me, and lined the court-yard to bid me farewell—Many of them were audible in their sorrow—all seemed affected—and, in truth, when I shook them by the hands, I wept very plentifully. My own servants regretted my carrying them from Elmwood, tho’ they assured me they would ever continue with me, go where I would ; a resolution that I persuaded them all, but my own maid to change, when I reached Dover.

Now, my Lord, behold me in my chaise, about to leave the place most

L 4

dear

dear to me, with an idea of never again seeing it or its loved Lord.

When I drove from the gates, I sent forth a sigh to my Huntley that almost tore my soul—I looked back at the mansion as long as my sight could reach it—and when it could no more be seen, my heart, I am satisfied, became a broken one—I grew very ill—on the road an inward fever consumed me, and an universal lassitude took possession of my whole frame. My Watson, who travelled in the chaise with me, tried to persuade me to rest on the way, for she apprehended that my illness proceeded from fatigue alone; but I knew the cause better, and wished to arrive at my convent, in order to experience the consolatory advice of my friend, the Lady-Abbess; I therefore hastened on my journey, and arrived at Dover in
two

two days after my departure from Elmwood. A vessel for Calais was about to sail immediately. Watson and I embarked, and we were in some hours safely landed on French ground.

The sea-sickness I endured augmented my indisposition—it was too violent for so weak a person to support—and I began to think my lungs were affected—however, the longer I was on the road, the more uneasy I became—I feared my approaching dissolution would happen before I could reach one sympathizing friend who would perform towards me the last charitable offices—I therefore travelled with as much speed as possible until I arrived at —, where I was received by the pious Abbess with all the warmth, all the tenderness, of a mother. I was put to bed directly in a high fever—a fever which has never left me since—and which will, in a

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very

very short time, compleat the work it has so successfully begun.

I have little more to add to this History, my Lord, than to assure you, when I received your letter, which you wrote to me on your return to Elmwood, my grief and despair exceeded all belief. I am now, I trust, resigned to the wise decrees of Providence—I behold the awful moment, which is at hand, with patience, and a joy which religion alone can inspire—I expect with confidence a release from my woes—and humbly hope for a happy translation to the bosom of my God.

* * * * *

And now, my Lord, nothing more remains but to bid you an eternal adieu!—Dear Huntley!—best-beloved

ed of my soul!—receive from your Eliza her dying wishes, her prayers, for your happiness—May Lady Isabella Trevice bestow on you that share of felicity which it was denied me to assist you in obtaining!—Lady Isabella is virtuous, innocent, and beautiful—Eliza Warwick is—Nothing.

Wm

TO MISS WARWICK.

LIVE, live, for your Huntley, my adored, my injured, my virtuous Eliza!—Lady Huntley has taken compassion on my sufferings, and informed me of the place of your retreat—I fly to you upon the wings of love—I breathe but to express the ardour, the sincerity, of my affection—I wait only for your friend Dr. H—, who has promised to be my companion to Dijon—he will, I flatter myself, reinstate you once more in health—your Huntley will restore you to happiness. Ah! my Eliza! should fate separate!—there is madness in the thought!—I will hope—yes, my ever-charming, my ever-amiable mistress, I will hope, that Heaven, in pity to my prayers, will spare

spare a life so precious. I know not why I write—I shall be with you, perhaps, sooner than this letter—Oh! what transport, what exultation, is in the idea of clasping Eliza once more to my constant heart!—Chace from you this cruel illness—be yourself again—and, ah! live to make happy.

Your faithful,

your adoring

HUNTLEY.

To LADY HUNTLEY.

I AM arrived, Madam, at Dijon ; and though I have been here some hours, I have not yet seen the object of my anxious thoughts. A Madame de Granville, whose character does honour to her sex, and who is a particular friend to the Abbess of the convent my Eliza was in, persuaded Miss Warwick, for the benefit of purer air, to suffer herself to be removed to her house, which stands upon a hill at some little distance from Dijon, and which commands the most extensive and beautiful prospect. After some difficulty, the gentle sufferer consented to do as they would have her, and she was conveyed in a litter to the seat of Madame de Granville. The little journey has affected her much, and

and her strength and spirits have not yet recovered it.

On our arrival, we went immediately to the convent of——. We were there informed, by the Lady of the house, of Miss Warwick's removal to Madame de Granville's; and the reverend and amiable nun gave me a letter to that lady. She seemed overjoyed at the mention of my name, and offered up some pious ejaculations for my preservation. As soon as Dr. H— and I quitted her presence, we directly set off for Madame de Granville's. She received us with all the affability and politeness so natural to the French; and it is from her house I now write.

Dr. H—— will not let me appear until he has prepared Eliza to behold me. When she received my letter, which was but last night, she lifted up
her

her languid eyes to Heaven to beseech its blessing on me, and, putting her hand upon Madame de Granville's arm, she exclaimed, "This dear friend, Madam, of whom you have heard me speak, is coming to make me happy, he says——ah! that can never be again"—and, with a smile, she laid her hand on her heart, and cried, "I feel—I feel it is too late." The Lady endeavoured to reason her out of that notion, as it seemed to make an impression on her that might have a fatal effect. "No," continued she, "there you mistake—I really do not wish to live—not even for my Huntley—I have had so many hopes, so many fears, to contend with, that I am weary of expectation—I have looked, for some time past, beyond this world for happiness—and God Almighty has at last decreed that my wish should be fulfilled—I die, Madam," added the angelic creature—"I die satisfied—Perhaps my
my

my Huntley will come time enough to receive my last sigh—If he should not—ah! tell him that *that* sigh belongs to him.”—But why do I reflect so deeply?—Ah! Lady Huntley, my tears flow like a weak girl’s—my fears distract me—If she should be so ill indeed—ah! if I should lose her—never, never, shall I taste of comfort more. Dr. H—comes out of her apartment—he beckons my approach.

* * * * *

I have seen her—but, ah! my God! how altered!—how emaciated!—Death has, indeed, began his ravaging work——and I shall be deprived of her for ever—I am come from her, in order that she should try to sleep—I know not what to do with myself—my thoughts are all horror and confusion.

* * * * *

I will

I will write on—I will describe our meeting.

When I left you, to attend Dr. H—, I asked him eagerly how he found her? He shook his head, and taking me by the arm, he led me into another room—"My dear Lord Huntley," said he, "medicine has no power in this case—Nature seems worn out—she has not, I fear, many hours to live." He turned aside to wipe away the humane drops that fell from his eyes. As for me, I did not weep—but my brain appeared to take fire. He went on—"She is in so confirmed a decay, that miracle alone can restore her—and in so swift a one, that we arrived but in time to bid her adieu."

The room seemed to turn round with me—My head was strangely affected—I fell into a chair—I endeavoured to
conceal

conceal my agonies—I asked ‘ if I might not see her ? Dr. H— told me I must strive not to hurry, not to discompose her—“ You must yourself be calm,” said he. I promised to be so—and he led me to the door of her apartment. He entered first, and asking her whether she would object to see her friend Lord Huntley, she answered, in a weak tho’ still harmonious accent, “ *Object to see him !*—ah ! no, Sir—I have endeavoured to prepare my soul to receive with composure the mortal dearest to it—I am resigned, let what will happen—and I can now bear, without emotion, even the sight of Huntley.”

I then approached—She was sitting on a sofa, supported by pillows, dressed in white—and, tho’ altered by the extreme thinness of her form, she was at that moment lovelier than any other woman

woman I ever saw in health. She would have arisen on my appearance—but I prevented her, by throwing myself at her feet, and holding her hands in mine. She smiled on me, as I fixed my eyes in her face, and asked me *if I knew her again?* ‘Ah!’ cried I, ‘why, why, that question?—Do not these emotions testify that my heart is devoted to you alone?’ She bowed her head towards me—and I kissed with rapture those cheeks, those lips, on which the flush of health and beauty had so lately been conspicuous—I spoke to her of our marriage—I intreated her to name an early day for its celebration. “Ah!” returned she, “no more of that, my Huntley!—Death will soon claim me for his own—and in his meagre form I shall view charms unspeakable—Life is no longer dear to me—I have lost all sense of its joys—and am
equally

equally insensible of its pangs." She soon after fainted—and until she again opened her eyes my misery was beyond conception.

She asked Dr. H—— if he remembered her faithful Jennet? The good man assured her he did, and that her death had often given him concern. "You behold here, Sir," said she, "one like her, worn out with care and sorrow—this difference, indeed, is in our fate, that her age was comfortless, whilst my youth is nipt in its bud, with delightful prospects before me, could I live——May I die with her resolution!——and may we meet and know each other in Heaven!" She clasped her hands with joy and fervour at the bare idea, and sunk back upon her pillows. She reached me her hand, which I pressed to my bosom——and, looking stedfastly at me, she exclaimed,
"My

“ My God ! he looks pale !——It is I who am the cause of this altered countenance—Tell me, are you not well ?”
‘ Yes,’ answered I, ‘ but I will soon follow you—your Huntley shall protect you in the unknown world you are launching into—he shall be your safeguard, your attendant, -ever.’ “ No,” cried she, with a firm voice, “ no, I charge thee—hurry not thy departure from hence before it pleases Heaven to give thee thy dismissal—Fear not for me—I shall find a friendly conductor on my way—and with him I’ll wait in expectation of thy coming.” She then waved her hand for us to retire—and Madame de Granville says she has composed herself to rest.

* * * * *

It

It is now three hours since we left her to repose—and she has not stirred, or rung her bell. I am alarmed—Who knows but this sleep is her last—or rather that it is the sleep of death itself!—Oh! that idea—'tis horror's voice that speaks!———I will be composed—I will hope—my God, I will hope the best———Oh! Madam!—my breaking heart!

* * * * *

Another hour is passed, and still she is quiet. Dr. H—— appears uneasy—Madame de Granville is bathed in tears—and Watson wrings her hands, and laments the loss of her angelic lady—I can neither weep nor complain—My head feels strangely—but my soul is tortured!—Hark!—I hear a noise—Madame de Granville is at my door—She lives!—and one ray of comfort

fort darts on my thoughts—She has sent to speak to me—I fly to attend her.

* * * * *

Eliza Warwick is gone—she is gone for ever!—Too cruel mother!—inhuman Lady Huntley!—behold—*now behold the fatal effects of Ambition!*—She died in my arms—She smiled to the last—But, hark!—her voice!—her step!—her form!—Eliza, thou shalt not wander eternity alone—Huntley swears thou shalt not.

* * * * *

Who called me?—I was with her—
—I gave her comfort—I opened my arms to shield her from violence—
She whispers that she is happy—she bids me follow—My head is too hot—
cool

cool it—ease it with thy soft hand, my Eliza !

But how is this ?—My mother, say ye ?—No, no, no—not my mother—She has murdered—Lady Huntley sleeps in peace—but Eliza—ah ! she will never sleep again.

DR. H— *to* LADY HUNTLEY.

I AM sorry, Madam, to be the messenger of sorrow to your Ladyship but, alas ! the cruel task must be imposed on some one—and who so proper to undertake it as a friend ?—In that light, Madam, I consider myself to your family—and wish that my sympathy could lessen the weight of your affliction. Lord Huntley is dangerously ill—and

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M

has

has been delirious ever since the death of the sweet, excellent Miss Warwick—The scene was affecting—your Ladyship may wish to know it—and I will, with all the composure I am master of, relate it to you.

After a sleep of some hours, from which I scarcely expected she would have awakened, Miss Warwick desired to see Lord Huntley and his friend. We repaired to her apartment immediately. On our approach, she reached forth a hand to each. I took one with reverence—Lord Huntley received the other in silent agony—“ Doctor,” said the dear Lady, “ I thank you for your goodness to me—you have indeed, been ever kind, ever compassionate to me—and for my dear Jennet, whom you attended with unremitting zeal, I beg of God to bless you—Nay, do not weep, dear Sir—I shall be happy.” She then

then turned to your son, who was kneeling by her—"Come, my dear Huntley, take comfort—your Eliza makes it her dying request—We shall meet again—I will implore the Almighty to suffer me to be your guardian angel—I will hover over you—I will give you notice (if that may be permitted me) of the moment of your death——In the mean time, adieu! my best, my dearest friend!" and she embraced him with affection. Lord Huntley held her to his bosom, and cried, with eagerness, 'By Heaven you shall not go!—or I will fall before you.' She raised her head from his shoulder, and looking at him with fixed attention—"If ever I was dear to you, preserve your life—think on all I have suffered, and reflect whether my trials have not been more severe than this one stroke——Religion held my hand——and I am *now*, my Huntley, at this awful instant, happy."

M 2

She

She then presented him with a miniature of herself, and bade him to remember, when he looked upon it, her love—her gratitude—her friendship. He held it to his lips. “ And now,” cried the dying angel, “ and now, my Huntley ! it is all over”—He threw his arms about her—her cold hands clasped his neck—“ Adieu ! my love !—my dearest Huntley ! a long farewell !” She then raised her eyes to Heaven—and after offering some pious ejaculations, in which she pronounced the name of Jesus audibly, her gentle and spotless soul disengaged from the lovely form of clay which had so long confined it, and winged its flight, without one struggle, to the mansions of the blessed.

It is now, Madam, that I find my pen unequal to the task of description—it would be presumptuous for such a one as mine to attempt to represent the
grief,

grief, the despair, the horror, of the unfortunate Marquis. He would not be prevailed on to leave the lifeless form of his angel (as he called her,) nor could all I could say, or the melancholy scene before him, provoke one tear from his eye. His countenance was dark and gloomy—his eyes had a sort of fixed and steady look, which I had never observed in them before. He often called on her, and seemed to expect her reply. He would then clasp his hands together, and exclaim, *that she was murdered*. He soon after complained of his head, and began to talk very incoherently. I will not repeat the many pathetic, the many affecting things his sorrow and madness uttered—it is enough to say, a fainting fit, which was occasioned by the conflict he had long endured, afforded us an opportunity of conveying him from the dismal sight of death to his own apart-

ment. After his recovery from it, he appeared more composed, and called for pen and ink, to write to your Ladyship. He wrote not long at a time, but would now and then return to it, with a kind of wildness in his looks and manner, which alarmed me greatly for him. I believed his mention of the subject that had given him so much pain affected him deeply, and I stole out of his room the materials for writing, in order to prevent his dwelling on the fatal description. He missed them not—he had forgot that he had written—and from that hour Lord Huntley has neither appeared, nor spoken, like himself. I must confess to you, Madam, that I think him very ill—more, nay, that if a change for the better does not happen in twenty-four hours, I shall despair of his ever conquering the violence of his disorder.

I sent

I send this away immediately, that your Ladyship may be prepared for the worst; and will write again when the period arrives which will either revive or kill my hopes.

I must once more repine at being obliged to communicate such mournful tidings—and beg leave to assure you Madam, that you scarcely can feel more on this occasion than I do.

I have the honour to be

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient and devoted servant,

W—— H——,

Dijon.

To

TO SIR WILLIAM RADNOR.

SIR,

TO your delicacy, and your friendship for Lady Huntley, must I consign the painful task of disclosing to her an event, for which, I fear, she is but ill prepared, and which must mark her future days with sorrow and repentance.

I will make no apologies for imposing on you so disagreeable an office—If I was not convinced of the generosity of your friendship, which is ever ready to expose your sensibility to suffering, in order to prove serviceable to an object worthy of esteem, you would be the last man in the world to whom
I would

I would thus write, or to whom this commission ought to be intrusted.

At this moment, Sir, my tears stream for the loss of a friend—a loss so recent, and so fatal, that it calls for more fortitude than I possess to behave on the occasion with any composure—How will you suffer, when you are informed, that the young, the blooming, the amiable Lord Huntley——yes, Sir——Lord Huntley expired this morning, in a situation the most deplorable—the most affecting—to be conceived.

I cannot at this time, be particular—suffice it to say, his head was touched by despair—his heart was broken with grief. At twelve o'clock last night I observed his disorder was past the reach of medicine; and the physicians whose help I had summoned from Paris as soon as he was taken ill, all declared, with
me,

me, that his dissolution was near. Lord Huntley had an interval of reason which continued during the last hour of his life—He intreated, in that time, to be carried into the chamber of the lifeless Miss Warwick—I indulged him in the request—and, with many embraces, and joyful exclamations, he spoke to his dead Eliza, and told her *he obeyed her call*. Then, turning, he addressed himself thus to me:

“ My dear friend,” and he took my hand, “ I feel—I know that I have but a few minutes longer to remain in this world—I have beheld Eliza arrayed in all her charms, who has beckoned me to those celestial places where her felicity is not entirely perfect till I join her—I go, my good Dr. H—, without one regret—nay, with a joy that I never experienced before—Comfort my mother—beg Sir William
liam

liam Radnor to assist, with his friendly assiduity, and peculiar good-nature, the painful task—tell her I love and respect her with affection and duty—and that what she has done lately proceeded rather from an error in her judgment, than any ill intention of her heart—and that idea must be her consolation—He paused——He then bade me adieu—and, expressing himself in a style of the most perfect devotion to the Omnipotent Creator, whose scourge he had kissed with patience, threw his arms around his lovely partner in affliction, and breathed his last on her bosom

What a field do the melancholy corse, I have just ceased to gaze upon, afford for reflection! When I look on them, I *behold the fatal consequences of pernicious ambition*——But I must restrain my pen——Unhappy, misjudging mother! how are you punished!

I must

HISTORY OF, &c.

I must intreat, Sir, your speedy commands about the manner of conveying the precious remains of Lord Huntley and his Eliza to England; and have the honour to be,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

W—— H——.

Dijon.

F I N I S.



